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# Galveston Weekly News, 1865

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## GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS 1865

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1865, p. 1, c. 5

The Soldiers' Home in Houston was opened yesterday, and we were present by invitation of the lady superintendents at a most splendid lunch given to the Provost Guards of this city, numbering some 75 or 100 soldiers. The ladies had prepared the tables with the greatest abundance of the very best our market affords, and it must have afforded gratification to every one to see the ladies thus supplying the wants of those who have so long been performing guard duty for our city. But still more gratifying will it be to every true patriot to find that, hereafter, no soldier will be permitted to pass through our city without receiving the hospitality of our citizens, dispensed by the ladies of Houston. The Houston Hall is a large and commodious brick building, capable of accommodating several hundred soldiers at the same time, and is by far the most suitable building in the city for a Soldiers' Home.

We understand that the organization is now complete, all the necessary officers having been appointed. Mrs. Col. James Rely (?) has been elected by the ladies President of the Association.

We look upon the establishment of Soldiers' Homes as a most important step in the right direction. Nothing can have a better effect upon the soldiers than an assurance that they are appreciated by those at home, and especially by the ladies, as their only protection against a brutal and barbarous enemy and to whom, alone, they can look for deliverance in this terrible struggle for life, liberty, and even existence. We have too long neglected to take the proper means to make the soldiers realize that we feel indebted to them for our present safety, and that to relieve his wants is the least we can do for the inestimable services he is rendering to his country.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Letter from Santiago.

Waco, Dec. 23d, 1864.

Ed. News:--To use the well known expression of a little boy to the hero of San Jacinto—  
*"I have been set back."*

A few days ago I dined with two of my countrywomen, both fair and beautiful to look upon, whose husbands were absent.

Somehow, or somehow else, the all important subject of the war came up in conversation. Now, I having been up in Virginia with the old 1<sup>st</sup>, have many times felt as if the Confederacy rested upon any individual shoulders—as if the salvation of the country depended upon doing my duty, and have fact to face denounced those who refuse to defend their country, as poor, pitiful scoundrels, who ought to be hung.

One of the ladies remarked that her husband had been anxious to go to the front several times, but that she had dissuaded him from it, because she loved him, and was afraid he might get killed!

As quick as thought I replied that the ladies of the South were generally more patriotic than the gentlemen, and had by their devotion saved the country, but that if all the ladies influenced their husbands as she had hers, we would soon have no army, and the Confederacy

would be wiped out. I was in earnest, and suppose my face, which is not like that of Adonis, showed my heartfelt emotions—not the watching smiles of persuasion. Whereupon this husband-loving lady very coolly inquired of me *why I was not in the field?* Now, I must confess that my dimensions were not increased by this question, for the post of danger is the post of honor—where

"The battle wreck lies thickest,  
And death's brief pang is quickest"

but I mumbled out something about volunteering at the first of the war, Virginia and Arkansas, Quartermaster's Department, cotton, wool, hides, and God knows what! I felt humble. Uriah Heap, in his humility, might rather have been compared to Bonaparte at the battle of the Pyramids, than I to that humble individual.

I was just in the act of sounding a retreat, when something turned up for me, as well as for Mr. Macawber. I had hardly made my reply when the other lady arose, and with that graceful dignity peculiar to our Southern matrons, addressed my vanquisher as follows:

"Madam! You do well to love your husband and your country should be dearer to you than father, mother, children, all! That virtue which inspires one to devote his life for the good of his country, has ever been considered sublime and godlike. Your husband may die at home any day; to die upon the field of glory for his country will be sweet and decorous. Would you detain a soldier from the field and thereby weaken our force and aid our enemies? Will you aid Andy Johnson, Jack Hamilton, Parson Brownlow, and other shameless wretches, who have deserted their country in the hour of danger and gone over to the Abolitionists, when the gallant survivors of Stonewall Jackson, Sidney Johnston, Bartow, Bee, Pettigrew, Stuart, Green, Scurry, Randal and Gregg, struggling nobly against immense odds, cry for help? Can it be possible for you or any true woman or honest man, in the Confederacy, not to distinguish the path of duty and honor from that of disgrace and infamy? Not only does Europe erect statues in honor of our gallant dead, but even our wicked enemies respect their memory! Even among the Yankees, humanity respects magnanimity and virtue, but contemns vice and immorality, therefore they call Lincoln the *Ape*, Butler the *Beast*, and Grant the *Butcher*, but our own illustrious dead, they call HEROES! Madam, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand to the cause of my people. It is a just and holy cause.—Were my husband to shirk from the service, much as I love him, I would quit him without regret, for I *can* be a brave man's widow, a coward's wife *never*! so help me God! Should he come home on crutches, or with an empty sleeve dangling by his side, as witnesses of his bravery and courage in battle, it will be a labor of love to minister to his wants and hear him fight over all his battles again at the fireside—how the brave Texas boys charged the breastworks at Gaines' Mill and Malvern Heights—how their first line charged right through the whole Yankee army at 2d Manassas, and then how heroically they contended for victory at Sharpsburg. Oh! it will be such a treat to hear him tell about his dangers and perils and hairbreadth escapes, and to *know* that my husband never failed his country in the hour of need, but was one of its bravest defenders!"

After uttering these patriotic sentiments, this noble woman turned her awe-inspiring eyes upon *me*, and was silent, but looked as if she desired me to say something. I said slowly and deliberately, "Madam, I would not survive the liberties of my country! If I do, may God blot from the book of eternal life the name of

Santiago.

Capt. Odium.

On the 2d of November last, we published a communication highly complementary to Capt. F. H. Odium for the brilliant achievement of his company at Sabine Pass on the 8<sup>th</sup> of Sept., 1863, wherein two of the enemy's steamers and about 400 prisoners were captured by only 42 men! On publishing this communication, we were reminded that it apparently contradicted the generally received account that Lt. Dowling was in command of the company at that time, and that Capt. Odium was then absent on other duties, and supposing that to have been actually the case, we remarked, editorially, that Capt. Odium was not present in that glorious action. From the following order, it would, however, appear beyond all doubt that Capt. Odium was present and in command of the post, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, to which we had given credit.

Hd. Q'rs, Eastern Sub-District of Texas,  
Houston, Texas, Sept. 13<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

General Orders, No. 39.A.

The Commanding Officer of this Sub-District congratulates the garrison at Sabine Pass, and its commanding officer, Capt. F. H. Odium, for the signal victory achieved by them on the 8<sup>th</sup> inst., over the enemies of free Government. The fearful odds brought by the enemy against your works, add a double laurel to your achievements, which will be so gratefully received by the country and your brethren in arms. The heroic resolution, the steadfastness of purpose and action, the manly fortitude in braving the guns of the invaders; but, above all, the love of country which so honorably stimulated you in the attack and capture of their two gunboats, and disabling a third, must challenge, for a parallel, the martial performances of the age, and the admiration of every patriot of the land. To control the impetuosity of a garrison under the circumstances, and the reservation of your fire until the enemy approached in short range of your guns, are of those judicious and skillful acts rarely found in a volunteer corps, and which contributed so largely to this most important capture. To Lieut. R. W. Dowling, and Lieut. W. H. Smith, of the Engineer Corps, (and other meritorious officers, whose name have not been officially communicated to me,) who participated in that thrilling engagement, and who were so conspicuous everywhere by their gallant bearing and activity, deserve, as they will receive, the thanks of the army and the country. Monuments will be given to our defenders, and graves to our invaders.

P. N. Luckett,

Acting Brig. Gen. Commanding Eastern Sub-Dist. of Texas.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

The following articles are from the San Antonio Herald:

Indian Depredations.—We learn that the Indians have just paid a visit to Kerr and Kendall counties, killing two ladies on the Llano as they came down. They succeeded in getting off with a large number of horses. The people of these two counties are too weak to pursue them. The two ladies killed were Mrs. Joy and her daughter, who were on horseback riding through the neighborhood. The Indians are said to be uncommonly bold, riding through the country in day time.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1865, p. 1, c. 5

We understand that the authorities of Matamoros have ordered a large surplus of the frail daughters of Eve residing in that city, to seek lodgings elsewhere. Whether they will be entered

at the Custom House as a necessary, or be smuggled into the Confederacy as a luxury, or go to the Yankee lines, whence they came, we cannot answer. It is understood that Mister Price and the ring tailed Bosting Peeler are negotiating with the Matamoros officials for the new theater, in this connection—Brownsville Ranchero.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Among the passengers in Thursday's stage was a man dressed in female attire, on his way to San Antonio. Whether he was a deserter or a Yankee spie [sic], could not be ascertained. He was travelling in company with a woman who told several tales respecting their movements, but nothing satisfactory was elicited. The Commander of the Post had both arrested and sent to Houston.—Ibid.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

A Soldiers' Home has been established at Jasper, Texas, and our old friend Dr. Syman White has charge of the same.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

We are glad to learn from Rev. Mr. Castleton that the Houston Hall (Schrimpf's Hotel) has been secured for a Soldiers' Home in this city. It will be under the supervision of the ladies of the State Central Committee of this city, and Mr. A. Sessums will act as treasurer and commissary, and to him all moneys and materials for the use of the house must be sent. We believe the organization is now such as to insure permanency and great benefits to our soldiers passing through this city. It is suggested that the friends of the soldiers—farmers, planters and others in the country—may send such supplies as they feel disposed to donate to the support of this Home to direct to Mr. Sessums *by Express* as otherwise losses are most certain to occur. We have very little doubt that the proprietors of the Express will be willing to make the charges very moderate, for the purpose of aiding all they can to sustain an institution so indispensable to our soldiers, in returning from and going to the army.

We are requested to state that the same Ladies' Central Committee act in behalf of such Homes in the country as need assistance, and for this purpose Mr. A. J. Burke is their Treasurer and to him should be sent all such articles or such sums of money as are intended for the aid of Homes in the country needing support. The treasuries for the Home in this city and Homes in the country are kept distinct, so as to avoid all confusion and trouble in the application of the means to the purpose intended.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1865, p. 2, c. 3

We find the following excellent suggestion in the Dallas Herald. If our subscribers, after reading our paper, would send it to some friends in the army, as recommended, they would render a valuable service, at no expense to themselves or any body else:

"The blockade having closed all our ports, paper can be procured only at enormous prices, and consequently newspapers, so potent in forming and directing aright public opinion, are often out of the reach of the people and private soldier. A recent visit to our army now encamped at Camden, Arkansas, has convinced me that if there were more newspapers circulated in the army, it would add more to the contentment and satisfaction of the soldiers than any one thing that their friends at home could do for them. It would enable them to spend their leisure hours profitably, give them the local news at home, and keep them from time to time, properly

informed as the progress and objects of the war in which they are engaged. The object of this article is to appeal to your readers to remail all their newspapers so soon as they read them, to some soldier in the service. Did they but know with what eagerness newspapers are sought for in the army, they would put themselves to some trouble to forward all they could.

Will you call the attention of your readers to this subject, and will other editors do the same."

Coin in a Corner.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1865, p. 2, c. 4

We notice an interesting statement relative to the condition of the Soldiers' Home in Anderson, made in the Telegraph by the following ladies having direction of that institution, namely:

Mrs. D. Nelms, President,	
Mrs. A. Cawthorn,	}
Mrs. C. Kerr,	}
Mrs. Moore,	} Directresses.
Mrs. Barnes,	}
Miss Womick,	}

It appears from the account given that the Home in Anderson was opened on the 1<sup>st</sup> of August last, and has since furnished over 1,200 meals to soldiers and 768 feeds to their horses. The number wanting accommodation is increasing, owing to the many furloughs now being granted. Sick soldiers are attended to by the physician of the Post, and by the Matron, Mrs. Hendricks. Mrs. Hendricks receives one dollar, Confederate money, for every meal cooked, and the money to pay for her valuable services is made up by voluntary subscription and paid out by the Treasurer, Mr. Lawhorn. The provisions, &c., are obtained by contribution from planters. It appears that Mrs. Hendricks furnishes her own house for the Soldiers' Home, and has hitherto furnished bedding, but the Directresses say that more bedding is needed for this cold weather, and they appeal to the young ladies of Grimes to send in comforts and such other articles of bedding as they can furnish, which will be taken care of and returned to the owners. We are glad to see that so much good is being done by the Home in Anderson.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

#### Soldiers' Homes.

We learn from the Re. Mr. Castleton that the following Homes are now organized and in successful operations:

Beaumont	Jefferson county.
San Antonio	Bexar county.
Austin	Travis county.
New Braunfels	Comal county.
Corsicana	Navarro county.
Hillsboro'	Hill county.
Palestine	Anderson county.
Butler	Freestone county.
Fairfield	"

Cotton Gin		"
Springfield		Limestone county
Mansfield		Louisiana
Minden		Louisiana
Homer		Louisiana
Independence	Maj. Blanton's Hotel	Wash'n Co.
Waxahachie	Maj. Roger's Hotel	Ellis Co.
Ash Creek	Mr. Ward's	Hill Co.
Bastrop	Mr. Nicholson's Hotel	Bastrop Co.
Paris	[Name not known]	Lamar Co.
Beaumont	Col. Fletcher's	Jeff'son Co.
Houston	Houston Hall	Harris Co.
Hempstead	Defunct, but reorganizing	
Navasota	Defunct	
Millican	Defunct	
Anderson	Mrs. Hendricks	Grimes Co.
Huntsville	Col. Polk's Hotel	Walker Co.
Crockett	Defunct	
Rusk		Cherokee Co.
Henderson	Col. Davenport's	Rusk Co.
Marshall	_____ Hotel	Harrison
Shreveport		Louisiana
Dallas		Dallas Co.
Goliad		Goliad Co.

Mr. Castleton informs us that he believes there are as many as sixty Homes in Texas, but that he cannot be positive as to the complete organization of any but the above.

We omit from the above list several Homes that have been discontinued, but which it is hoped will soon be reorganized. Efforts are now being made to reorganize the Home in this city.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 4, 1865, p. 2, c. 6

Houston, Dec. 29<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Editor News:--Much has been said and felt upon the subject of education in our State during this war. Most deplorable results must ensue unless something be done, which can be done even in these troublesome times. During my recent journey, I found some families employing private teachers and inviting their neighbors' children to share the privilege with their own. I found also elegant and accomplished ladies, refugees, accustomed to all the refinements, and, I must add, all the indolence of genteel life, gladly, cheerfully devoting their talents and energies to the sublime work of educating those who are the hope of our country, and will soon be its bulwark or its destroyers. With what admiration did I gaze upon the noble spectacle! Their brothers and lovers were winning our liberties on the battlefield and they, gentle and lovely, were in the equally brave and patriotic work of preparing the next age to enjoy them. Noble women, said I, how will future ages bless you! Now is the time for educated woman to lay out her whole talent for her country by training its sons and daughters. Will not Texas ladies enter this work? Will not Texas planters enlist educated ladies and disabled soldiers, whose education will admit of it, in the work of educating their own and their neighbors' children? Let

them think of four, five, or eight years lost to education. It is a black belt across the historic period, which will shade the next half century. Perhaps a country may never make amends nor recover from its evil effects. Can elegance and refinement contrive a more noble and age-lasting monument of honor for themselves or a more durable blessing to their beloved land? Will you, Mr. Editor, give your thoughts upon this subject? We look to you and your confreres to guide public enterprise.

Respectfully,

Thos. Castleton.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 11, 1865, p. 1, c. 2

Gardening in Texas for January.—(From Affleck's Almanac.) Continue to sow Peas, Lettuce, Radishes, Parsnips, and Asparagus. Sow Beets, Carrots, Salsafy [sic], Turnips, Sweet herbs, &c. Plant Beans, early Corn, and Okra; Irish Potatoes Horse radish, Artichokes and Asparagus. Plant out Cauliflower and more early Cabbage—Large white Broccoli should now begin to head.—Frost, such as are here felt, will not injure Peas till in bloom. If not done last month, sow in hot-bed, seeds of Peppers, Tomatoes, Egg plants, Melons and Cucumbers.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 11, 1865, p. 1, c. 4-5

Ed. News.—During the holidays it seems to me proper that we should for a time forget our dangers and our troubles, hold a truce with care and set despondency at defiance. The bow must at times be unbent and the tension of the mind relaxed, or their spring and elasticity are destroyed. With the view of affording your readers some entertainment, I enclose the following sketch, which, at least, has the merit of being of home production—neither copied from the Yankees nor yet imitated from the English, and further, that in the main incident related, it is substantially true. With this preface, I introduce

#### Roper's Peach—A Reminiscence of 38.

Before there was a mile of railroad in Tennessee; and when country roads throughout the Western District were left pretty much as nature made them, except here and there, a bit of corduroy across a swamp—when buggies were a novelty and ambulances unknown, the few spring vehicles in use being almost exclusively the old fashioned heavy C-spring family carriage, devoted to the conveyance of ladies to and from church and to occasions of state and ceremony—when, in short, the universal manner of traveling was on horseback. At this time the Bench and the Bar were not exceptions, but rode the circuit with a full train of suitors and followers, each man as well mounted as his means allowed, with his stock of movables snugly packed in his saddle-bags, which receptacle was not only expected to contain the lawyer's wardrobe and library, but the frequently not less necessary requirements for success, a pack of cards and a pair of derringers. The profession, at this time, if it had its dangers and hardships, had also its recompenses. There were no scores left unsettled, no long hidden hatreds or growing enmities corroding the heart and souring the temper—no lurking malice waiting in ambush for its murderous opportunity. No sooner was a gentleman aggrieved than he sought his remedy in the court of honor, and a quick solution of difficulties, apparently insurmountable, was had at the muzzle of the pistol, and all this, too, with a tithing of the bloodshed that has resulted on similar occasions, under the blue light laws for the suppression of dueling.

Besides a readiness in the use of his pistol, the lawyer was expected to be *par excellence*, a good fellow, to tell a good story, sing a good song, turn an epigram or throw off a repartee, and



to give and take a stinging jest, so that there was but wit enough about it to cover its pungency skin deep. He that failed in these great essentials, in wit and good humor, or had any foolish squeamishness about the burning of gunpowder, was incontinently banished to Coventry, or made the butt and jest of the rest of the party.

Into a party, such as described, his evil genius had contrived there should fall a young man, just admitted to the practice and now on his first circuit. P. Leonidas Strong had been sent by his parents—worthy people living in Haywood county—to be educated cheap in Ohio—he had taken a diploma at Steubenville, famous for linsey woolseys, pork sausages and low priced graduates. Leonidas had also attended law lectures at Cincinnati, and after an absence long enough to efface the impressions of his childhood, the teachings of home and the genial, liberal spirit of a Southerner, he returned to Tennessee a covert abolitionist and a cunning niggard, with a thorough contempt for his parents, his country and especially for his present associates, and with the most unbounded admiration for, and devotion to, P. Leonidas Strong and no one else.

The older members of the bar, in consideration of his youth and inexperience, bore with him for a while, but after a thorough trial, it was found that he would neither drink, treat nor fight, he could neither give a joke nor take one; that he was ignorant, cunning and presuming; that the instincts of a gentleman had been totally obliterated by Yankee training, and that, in short, there was nothing in him but assurance and self-conceit. Such "*nem con*," being the verdict of the bar, the sentence immediately issued that the aforesaid Strong should be summarily demolished, abated and squashed, and that Mr. Paul Dougherty should be duly empowered to carry into execution the said decree on the first suitable occasion.

Now, this Mr. Paul Dougherty was a good looking, black-eyed Irishman, for Paul, though born in Maury county, Tennessee, was as thoroughly Irish as if he had drawn his natal breath in Kilkenny. Paul was the wit, *par excellence*, of the Western District; his fun and audacity kept the court-house in a roar, and nothing but his invincible good humor and his well established reputation for honor and courage prevented his being involved in very serious difficulties. But as matters stood, Paul could say and do a thousand things with impunity, which would subject a less gifted man to the severest penalties. Now, it fell out that at Huntingdon Court, Mr. Strong and Mr. Dougherty were employed as opposing counsel in some petty case—a right of way, or a trespass, or some such matter—it was Strong's first case, and he spent the previous night in preparation; he had been a shining light at "The Society of the Sons of Freedom and Natural Rights Association of Steubenville," but he had never addressed a court and jury, and he determined that his first effort should be characterized by the most astounding results; that the Judge should be overwhelmed and the Jury electrified, as indeed it *did* result, but not at all in the manner desired by the unfortunate Strong. It so happened that the night being warm, and the windows open, as Strong walked to and fro in his room composing his discourse, that he gave his neighbors the benefit of a rehearsal, and Dougherty, among others, heard a great part of it, and quite sufficient for his purposes. In the morning, Strong marched to court, armed with innumerable authorities, copious notes and an armful of books. Dougherty went simply provided with—what do you imagine good reader" a big crooked sweet potato. Strong's case was called, and amid a crowded court—for it was whispered about that Dougherty was prepared for mischief—Strong rose and addressed the Court, but we shall only attempt a faint outline of his grandiloquence; he passed in review Natural law, the Mosaic law, the Roman civil law; descending to more modern times he touched in passing the Magna Charta, and King John and the barons bold were before us; thence, by an easy gradation, we were brought to confront the mighty Bacon, and here the orator paused to invoke the shade of that god-like jurist, desiring him

to stand aghast at the wrong about to be perpetrated on his innocent client. Thence, through a host of great names, Chitty and Kent, Storey and Mansfield, not forgetting those great authorities Blackstone and Littleton and Coke, his—here the orator caught Dougherty's eye fixed upon him, and his arm outstretched holding the potato pointed full upon him like a pistol. "Littleton and Coke his"—stammered poor Strong—"Littleton and Coke" he repeated—"Littleton and Coke his"—his "*common tater*," said Dougherty, in a loud whisper, shaking the potato at Strong. This was too much for Strong; he sank on his seat uttering common-tator, common-tator, utterly confounded and bewildered, while the whole court roared with laughter. As soon as he could be heard, Dougherty rose and deprecated the share he had in the flagrant breach of decorum they had just witnessed—he had endeavored to give his young friend a word for which he seemed to be at a loss, but with no idea of discomposing or interrupting him. "How, indeed, your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, could I imagine that a gentleman whose mouth was rich with fat things, overflowing with the ambrosia of the gods, redolent of the oleaginous juices of Bacon, should be suddenly choked dry on common tators. As to the gentleman's speech to which he was expected to reply, he really was at a loss how to begin—it reminded him of what his friend Roper said of the fish, "It was a *pearch*, please your Honor; when Roper first saw him he was *expiring* under an aged sycamore—he *romanced* across the creek—*reiterated*—fetched a flounce and—*absquatulated*."

This, with Paul's drollery of voice and manner, was too much for the Court—an immediate adjournment for refreshments was ordered, during which Strong disappeared, literally laughed out of the county. It is believed he turned up on Western Texas, on a high prairie, where there was little water and no fuel, and where the food of the people was bread and beef, to the exclusion of *Bacon* and *Common taters*.

The village post at Jackson has immortalized \_\_\_\_\_.

### "Roper's Pearch"

Where flowed the clear stream, in silence and shade,  
Amongst the dark trees, in verdure arrayed,  
Beneath a fast root, where a sycamore grew,  
Now flashing with light, now lost to the view,  
I discovered a fish, and stopped to admire—  
'Twas Roper's big pearch, I saw him—*expire*.

Far down in the stream, he all motionless lay,  
Nor heeded the minnows that leaped in their play,  
But a buzzard wheeled slowly, aloft in the sky,  
And the water reflected his form from on high;  
Aroused by the shadow, see the big pearch advance  
And cross Forked-deer with a graceful—*romance*.

As brilliant his color, as transient his stay,  
As a light summer cloud, reflecting the ray  
The sun last gives back, as he sinks in the west,  
When the winds are all hushed, all nature at rest,  
So glorious a creature this big pearch appeared,

As straight for the bank his bold course he steered,  
I longed for a pole, a hook, line and bait,  
When he turned short around and did *reiterate*.

As he merged from the shadow and glanced into light,  
He looked like a warrior, all seamed for the fight,  
His scales polished silver, all burnished with gold,  
But his other perfections, I must leave them untold,  
For like one who is hurried, and fears he's belated,  
He fetched him a flounce, and *absquatulated*.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 11, 1865, p. 1, c. 5

Soap—Soap—Government Soap.

Bolivar Point, Jan. 8<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Ed. News:--Knowing that it is not your habit to soft-soap government officials, agents and contractors, and that you are always ready to expose frauds on the government and the soldiery. I would call your attention to one that is being perpetrated on both by the contractor for supplying soap to this and other commands within the defences [sic] of Galveston. Soap is a great institution, without it the world would soon relapse into the unwashed barbarism of early times; the social status; the intellectual and moral purity of every nation, community and family, may be reckoned by the amount of its consumption. Our present civilization to a great extent may be attributed to its humanizing and elevating influence. It has its evils too, particularly soft soap, and by its lavish expenditure contracts are received by which the government is defrauded and the soldier robbed of his rights. We have never known a man who habitually wore a dirty shirt that was not proverbial for cowardice. We fear its demoralizing influence on the military. In the article furnished by the contractor referred to so far as our experience and tests extend, we have been unable to discover that it possesses any of the qualities of soap. In appearance it resembles a substance procured from boiling beef shanks. With the necessary ingredients, sherry wine and loaf sugar, it might make excellent jelly—without them it is perfectly worthless.

We presume the contractor is making quite a good thing out of his contract. If he expects to come out with clean hands we would advise him not to rely on his own soap. We have tried it and the more we wash the fouler our hands become and in the end it involves a considerable outlay of a better article to get rid of it.

We would suggest to the quartermaster, as an item of economy to the government that he suspend the further issue of the article, until the sherry and sugar can be procured. It can then be issued as a ration of jelly in lieu of others he has been unable to supply.

Sentinel.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 11, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

The following Anthem was furnished us a little too late to appear for Christmas, and has been delayed longer than it should have been by an oversight:

Christmas Anthem  
Written for the Victoria Female Academy, by

St. Geo. S. Lee  
Music by Professor Chas. Reisner.

Oh! Christmas is come, in Judea afar,  
Our Savior was born, 'neath the bright eastern star,  
Whilst far on the mountains, the shepherds rejoice,  
And angels and men proclaim with glad voice,  
Our Savior is come, our petitions are free,  
Lord God of battles we have access to thee;  
Scatter thou red battle's cloud,  
Still now war's tempest loud,  
Cause this vile strife to cease,  
Give us freedom, give us peace.

By danger surrounded, in privation and woe,  
Menaced and beset, by the insolent foe,  
The world all shut out, our God is still near,  
Still ready to rescue, still ready to hear,  
Our Savior still reigns, our petitions are free,  
Lord God of battles, we have access to thee.  
Scatter thou red battle's cloud,  
Still now war's tempest loud,  
Cause this vile strife to cease,  
Give us freedom, give us peace.

Far distant from friends, who in the dread front,  
In hardship and danger, encounter the brunt  
Of death in the field, or a prison afar,  
Oh, what can we do, to close this foul war,  
Our Savior still reigns, our petitions are free,  
Lord God of battles, we have access to thee,  
Scatter thou red battle's cloud,  
Still now war's tempest loud,  
Cause this vile strife to cease,  
Give us freedom, give us peace.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 11, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Soldiers' Homes.

We learn from the Rev. Mr. Castleton that the following Homes are now organized and in successful operation:

Beaumont	Jefferson county;
San Antonio	Bexar county;
Austin	Travis county;
New Braunfels	Comal county;

Corsicana	Navarro county;	
Hillsboro'	Hill county;	
Palestine	Anderson county;	
Butler	Freestone county;	
Fairfield	"	
Cotton Gin	"	
Springfield	Limestone county;	
Mansfield	Louisiana;	
Minden	Louisiana;	
Homer	Louisiana;	
Independence	Maj. Blanton's Hotel	Wash'n Co;
Waxahachie	Maj. Roger's Hotel	Ellis Co;
Ash Creek	Mr. Ward's	Hill Co;
Bastrop	Mr. Nicholson's Hotel	Bastrop Co;
Paris	[name not known]	Lamar Co;
Beaumont	Col. Fletcher's	Jeff'son Co;
Houston	Houston Hall	Harris Co;
Hempstead	Defunct, but reorganizing;	
Navasota	Defunct;	
Millican	Defunct;	
Anderson	Mrs. Hendricks'	Grimes Co;
Huntsville	Col. Polk's Hotel	Walker Co;
Crockett	Defunct;	
Rusk		Cherokee;
Henderson	Col. Davenport's	Rusk Co;
Marshall	_____ Hotel	Harrison;
Shreveport		Louisiana;
Dallas		Dallas Co;
Goliad		Goliad Co;
Jasper	Dr. L. White's	Jasper Co;
Richmond	Mr. Botwick's Hotel	Ft. Bend Co;
Clinton	Mr. Cottingham's Hotel	DeWitt Co;
Hallettsville		Lavaca Co;
Prairie Point		Colorado Co;
LaGrange		Fayette Co;
Winchester		"
Mr. Burns' Cross Roads		Burleson Co;
Caldwell		"
Cameron	Dr. Drury's Hotel	Milam Co;
Waco	McKeig's Hotel	McLennan.

Mr. Castleton informs us that he believes there are as many as sixty Homes in Texas, but that he cannot be positive as to the complete organization of any but the above.

We omit from the above list several Houses that have been discontinued, but which it is hoped will soon be reorganized. Efforts are now being made to reorganize the Home in this city.

Penitentiary Cloth Given to the Several Counties of the State.

From a circular just issued by the financial agent of the Penitentiary, we find the State has been laid off into six districts, for convenience of appropriating the quota of cloth to the respective counties, as follows:

1<sup>st</sup> District.—Chambers, Liberty, Jefferson, Orange, Hardin, Newton, Jasper, Tyler, Polk, Trinity, Angelina, San Augustine, Sabine, Houston, Anderson, Cherokee, Nacogdoches, Shelby, Henderson.

2<sup>nd</sup> District.—Atascosa, Bandera, Bexar, Blanco, Bosque, Brown, Stephens, Burnett, Cameron, Clay, Comal, Comanche, El Paso, Erath, Gillespie, Hamilton, Hidalgo [sic], Jack, Kendall, Kerr, Lampasas, Live Oak, Llano, Mason, Medina, Montague, McCulloch, McMullen, Nueces, Palo Pinto, Parker, San Saba, Starr, Uvalde, Webb, Wise, Wilson, Young, Zapata

3<sup>rd</sup> District.—Limestone, McClellan, Falls, Milan, Robertson, Madison, Leon, Brazos, Burleson, Washington, Grimes, Walker, Montgomery, Harris, Austin, Galveston

4<sup>th</sup> District.—Smith Rusk, Panola, Harrison, Upshur, Wood, Van Zandt, Marion, Davis, Titus, Hopkins, Bowie, Red River, Lamar

5<sup>th</sup> District.—Fayette, Lavaca, Colorado, Fort Bend, Wharton, Jackson, Victoria, Calhoun, Matagorda, Brazoria, San Patricio, Rufugio [sic], Goliad, Bee, Karnes, DeWitt, Gonzales, Guadalupe, Caldwell, Bastrop, Hays, Travis, Williamson, Bell, Coryell

6<sup>th</sup> District.—Fannin, Grayson, Cooke, Denton, Collin, Hunt, Kaufman, Dallas, Tarrant, Johnson, Ellis, Navarro, Hill, Freestone

The agent says, "adopting, under advice of the Comptroller, as a basis, the indigent lists heretofore furnished to the Comptroller's office by the Chief Justices of the several counties, I have divided the State into six districts, and will proceed to furnish said cloth as follows:

1 <sup>st</sup> District, 20 <sup>th</sup> February, 1865.	4 <sup>th</sup> District, 20 <sup>th</sup> May, 1865
2 <sup>nd</sup> " 20 <sup>th</sup> March, "	5 <sup>th</sup> " 20 <sup>th</sup> June, "
3 <sup>rd</sup> " 20 <sup>th</sup> April, "	6 <sup>th</sup> " 20 <sup>th</sup> July, "

"I would respectfully call your attention [that of the various county chief justices] to the duties imposed on the several county courts by this act, in connexion [sic] with procuring these goods from the Penitentiary, and particularly to the 4<sup>th</sup> section of said act, which makes it the duty of "the county courts to procure promptly from the Financial Agent of the Penitentiary the quantity and quality of cloth and thread to which they are entitled, and to provide transportation for the same to their respective county seats. This is the more important, as the Penitentiary has but limited storage room for goods. Under regulations heretofore adopted at this office, many of the counties made application for cloth, and paid for it on delivery; while others failed to do so, or to indicate in any way their desire for the cloth, and consequently received none. An act approved November 15<sup>th</sup>, 1864, requires the financial agent to set aside for these counties the amount of cloth to which they would have been entitled had they made application as did the others. The price to be paid by these counties in C. S. Treasury notes, new issue, is the same paid by the counties already supplied—osnaburgs \$2.80, cotton jeans \$3 per yard. State treasury warrants will be received in payment at their relative value. This distribution will be made out of the first cloth manufactured after the several counties are furnished under the act first referred to in this circular. Chief justices, however, if they wish their counties to receive the benefit of this act, are required to give notice to this office to that effect, within 90 days from the 15<sup>th</sup>

November last. I shall attempt to execute faithfully the provisions of the law on this subject; but cannot forbear saying that in my opinion these goods should have been furnished to the army. Our destitute and suffering soldiery certainly have claims paramount to all others."

We also gather from the circular that the factory will be in running trim about the 15<sup>th</sup> inst., and of course the resurrection of Huntsville will be a simultaneous event.—Item.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 18, 1865, p. 1, c. 4

A Picture of New Orleans.—A letter from New Orleans, published in the Mobile News of the 3d, says:

The city is full to overflowing of Yankee women, Yankee shoddies, speculators, etc.

You would not recognize the elegant promenaders of Canal street in the vulgar, overdressed, would be-genteel objects that now crowd it. No good Confederate lady wears anything but black, or whatever she may have, not conspicuous. We never walk for sight-seeing or pleasure, except to pass the prisons and cheer the poor "boys" with a nod and a smile. The officers of Fort Morgan have all been sent North, to some prison; the privates to Ship Island, guarded by negroes! Don't you think they will fight well when exchanged? We heard part had been sent North, but I think all are at Ship Island.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 18, 1865, p. 2, c. 5

Bolivar Point, Jan. 10, 1865

Ed. News:--I never was considered much of a grumbler, and much less a writer, which you will readily conclude when you have done with this communication. I desire to make no flourish, nor create any sensation, unless it be in the proper place.

You are aware, Mr. Editor, (at least you should be by this time), that the troops at this place, as well as at others, are living on yellow corn meal and beef, and nothing more—not a potato, a bean, or any other vegetable, except the above named yellow corn meal, has ever found its way to this isolated point, through any government channel whatever. Bacon we have none—sugar we do not expect. Why is it? Our men who come from furlough tell us that at every tithe station, during the summer, there was from ten to twenty-five thousand pounds of bacon. What has become of it? I will tell you what the soldiers think about it. I may be censured for doing so, but better tell it now, that the fault may be remedied, than wait its telling by a practical demonstration. Private soldiers come to the conclusion that the Clothing Bureau, the Subsistence Department, the Pay Department—in fact, all other Departments—have fallen into the hands of ruthless speculators, and they are using all their powers of speculation to enrich themselves, thereby depriving the soldier of every necessary of life, except just enough to keep soul and body together, and that of the very coarsest kind. . . We see our officers all have new gray cloths [sic], and I suppose it is the case everywhere. Our men are shivering away their lives night after night, with one pair white cotton pants, shirt ditto, low quartered shoes, socks, none. This is the sort of fair [sic] our regiment has to bear with now, as cold and wet as it has been for some time past, and but a blanket so coarse and worn, that a severe gush of wind would blow it to pieces, yet, a Brig. General not a thousand miles from this Post, says "he never saw such a regimen—every man must have a plank under him and one over him;" God knows if such is the case, the regiment is not beholding to him or the government for them for all the planks and boards used are picked up from the beach. Again, he says he has a black record against the regiment for making a requisition in the summer for musquito [sic] bars, when the musquitoes [sic] were swarming as thick as bees around a hive. It seems very unbecoming in a man who has his

quarters in good apartments and a musquito [sic] bar besides no doubt, to make use of such language; it is not designed to enhance much love of the men for their superiors when such language is used.. . . Soldier.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 1, 1865, p. 1, c. 5

We learn that a fight with a thieving band of about 24 Comanches took place, on Saturday, the 7<sup>th</sup> inst., about 10 miles North West of O'Neil's Station, in Montague county. A party of State Troops 15 in number while on a scout, came upon the Indians while they were eating dinner, and got within close rifle range before they were discovered. A charge and volley was made in which three Indians were killed and several wounded, the balance scampering off as fast as their ponies would carry them. Our men pursued them some 15 or 20 miles but were out run, and had to give up the chase. The Indians left all their plunder on the ground, which was taken; consisting of 7 or 8 head of horses, a number of blankets, saddles, bridles, bows and arrows &c., amounting to about \$4,500 in value. Only one man was slightly wounded among our men, by an arrow shot through the thigh. The Indians were all armed with bows and arrows, there being but one gun among them. Mr. D. A. Say has shown us one of the Indian scalps, which was taken from one of the dead Indians. Mr. Say participated in the affair, and gives us the above information.—Dallas Herald.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 1, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Fairfield, January 21<sup>st</sup>, 1865.

Ed. News:--I occasionally get a glimpse of your valuable paper, and notice something concerning soldiers' homes. I bet to inform the public, through your columns, that the County Court of this (Freestone) County has succeeded in establishing the following soldiers' homes, to wit:

Fairfield, by Judge D. H. Love; on the Palestine road, 6 miles, by Wm. Blythe; on the Palestine road, 11 miles, by G. G. Cole; on the Palestine road, 14 miles, by W. M. McDaniel; on the Palestine road, at Burton, by H. Maning; on the Palestine road, 17 miles, by Thomas P. Whitt; on the Palestine road, 21 miles, by Mrs. M. W. Struty; on the Pine Bluff road, 6 miles, by R. H. Gordon; on the Pine Bluff road, 8 miles, by F. C. Olivers; on the Corsicana road, 6 miles, by J. B. Johnson; on the Corsicana road, 8 miles, by F. M. Bradley; on the Tahuacana Hill, 6 miles, by N. L. Womack; on the Tahuacana road, 8 miles, by Oliver Carter; on the Springfield road, 9 miles, by W. W. Groover; on the Springfield road, 11 miles, by Sterling Sims; on the Springfield road, 12 miles, by Joseph Lynn; on the Springfield road, at Cotton Gin, by J. J. Robinson; on the Springfield road, at Cotton Gin, by James S. Wills; on the Springfield road, 15 miles, by Charles Stricklin; on the Houston road, 12 miles, by Andrew Batey; on the Centreville road, 3 miles, by W. R. Dais; on the Centreville road, 8 miles, by J. H. Blain; on the Centreville road, 12 miles, by R. F. Chandler; on the North-west road, 14 miles, by Thomas Lamb.

The keepers of these homes are required to register their houses as such at the Clerk's office, keep proper registers, examine passes, papers, &c., of each visitor, present his register with his account quarterly to the County Court for payment, which accounts are audited and paid by the County Treasurer. No soldier is allowed to remain longer than one night at any one of these homes unless sick or disabled. No drunkenness or gambling is allowed.

I, of course, do not expect you to publish the one-half that I have wrote—a mere notice is all that is desired. I have not heard of any County having more than seventy-five soldiers' homes, but believe each ought to have at least that number.



I am, most respectfully, your obd't serv't,

J. C. Yarbrow, C. J.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 1, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Duff's Regiment, 33d Texas Cavalry,  
Camp Gano, C. N., Jan. 15<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Ed. News:--Citizens and non-combatants say that "what a soldier don't know is not worth learning," but really I don't know what to write. I arrived here from home on the 6<sup>th</sup> inst. and found "the boys" generally well—the health of the regiment was never better, only one case in the hospital—all is life and animation; everybody comfortable as soldiers expect to be. The winter has been unusually mild for this climate, but rain enough to keep up a good supply of mud, which makes it disagreeable. I find on my return quite a change in many of the citizens round about. They have become so sociable that parties are being quite common—"very select," of course—only officers are expected, and "eagle buttons" rule, but some of them do not prove very profitable. I hear of several officers being minus stirrup-leathers, bridle-reins, ropes, &c., and none Captain a hat, after making his bow *a la militaire*. The beaver was stuffed into a crack, but there happened to be some one on the outside who drew it through. Whether the Captain rode home bareheaded or not, I do not know, but one of his boys said there was a very neat bonnet in the Captain's cabin next day.

Yesterday, I visited "Camp Relief," about six miles distant. This camp is composed of some fifteen or twenty families, refugees from Missouri, forced to leave on account of the barbarity of the Lincoln rulers in that State. Could the people of Texas see the destitute condition of those poor women, their heroism, and hear them relate the persecutions, trials and sufferings they have experienced, there would be but few Union men and women in Texas, and all because their husbands are in the Southern army, yet, they are cheerful and complain not; hope, bright hope, buoy them up, and they talk and expect to go back to their once happy homes, with as much certainty as though our independence was acknowledged. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord." . . .

Private Haynes, of Co. E, was killed a few days ago in Boston, Bowie county, by Ex-Governor Runnels and his brother Howel Runnels. The circumstances were these: Gen. Shelby, a few days before, had borrowed a lot of corn, and rode into Boston on Sunday morning, where a number of gentlemen were talking, Haynes among the number, and asked if they could tell him where he could buy or press some corn; Gov. Runnels' name was mentioned, when it was remembered that he had already furnished twelve hundred bushels; Haynes then remarked that he was a rich man, press him a little harder; just then Gov. Runnels rode up, saying that he had heard his name mentioned, and asked what about; when he was told how it had been mentioned, he then commenced cursing and abused Haynes, applying the most opprobrious epithets, and threatening to shoot. Here it stopped until evening, when the parties again met, under the influence of whisky, and, after more vulgar abuse, pistols were drawn; both of the Runnels firing at the same time—killing Haynes instantly.

Haynes had been in the service from the commencement of the war, was an excellent soldier, and much esteemed by all of his company.

The two Runnels are undergoing an examination before Judge Gray.

There is a rumor in camp that we will move in a few days to the Trinity river, and it is generally credited. The object, as I understand, being to save the forage on Red river for the

spring and summer campaign.

Yours, etc.,

Lance Corporal

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 1, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

The Umbrella China Tree—This is a tree of rare beauty and usefulness as a shade tree. Although introduced into Texas more than a quarter of a century since, it has been confined, until within a few years past, to the locality in which it was first planted in this country, to-wit: Lynchburg, in Harris county. Within a few years it has been introduced into Houston and the surrounding country, and has become a favorite tree with those who desire to make home beautiful.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 1, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

We have received from the President of the Bastrop Manufacturing Company a sample of the thread which is now being spun by its machinery. This thread is remarkably even, smooth and strong. This we understand is the first thread spun, but when the establishment is in full operation, it is expected to produce a superior article. Mr. S. S. Munger is the president of the company.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 1, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

Headq'rs 5<sup>th</sup> Texas Field Battery,  
Camp Waul, Tex., Jan. 24, 1865.

Ed. News:--Permit me, through your columns, to tender the sincere and heartfelt thanks of myself and company to Mrs. Ernst, of Fayette county, and to Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Ward, Miss Minton, Miss Bracer, Miss Burns and others of Austin county, who made liberal donations of socks to my company.

Ever keeping in remembrance this act of kindness, it also reminds us that patriotic ladies sympathize with the soldier in the field, which nerves and encourages him to deeds of valor and glory.

Chas. Welhousen,  
Capt. Com'g 5<sup>th</sup> Texas Field Battery.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

Army Mail.—An army mail will leave for Richmond, direct, on or about the 15 February. Letters must be prepaid 40 cents and Carrier's fee 50 cents specie. Address care News Office.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 5

Our True Policy.

Ed. News:--From the inception of this war, men have deserted the country in greater or less numbers to join the foul despotism of the Puritans, leaving their families behind to save their property from confiscation. Several hundred, first and last, have probably let the State and become thoroughly identified with Lincoln, Beast Butler and their Puritan minion. After joining these relentless enemies of liberty and morality, they manage, through their wives to keep in communication with their tory leagues in Texas, who in turn are busily, craftily at work to do all

the evil in their power. This has been going on for nearly four years. Women, when so inclined, can do more harm than most persons imagine. Many of the desertions and an immense amount of the demoralization in the country can be, indirectly, traced to the influence of the female members of the families of renegade tories. They receive the necessary hints from the leading tories among us, and are but instruments in their craven hands. These evils have continued long enough.

I lay down this plain proposition to our Confederate and State authorities: that, when a man has deserted or may desert our country to avoid a participation in the war, or league himself with the enemies of his country, his family should be promptly sent after him; unless, however, his wife should affirm, on oath, that she intends never to live with him again because of his treason—in other words, that she is a friend to her country and considers her husband's treason good and sufficient ground for separation from him. I know of a few such cases. Such noble, patriotic women should be cherished in our country. But in the case put, of adherence to the renegade, they should be sent, furnished with transportation to the enemy's lines, allowed to sell or take their personal property, guaranteed full protection *en route* and treated with that respect which all true Southern men extend to the female character everywhere and under all circumstances. This is no war on women and children. It is simply a humane step towards the safety and protection from vandalism of our own families—of the wives and daughters of our absent soldiers. It is a fact, undeniable, that many of the wives of renegades, in different parts of the country, in addition to being in correspondence with their husbands are active emissaries of the enemy; and, in many cases, openly rejoice whenever they hear of the death of a Confederate patriot at the hands of the Yankee Puritans. This state of things breeds evil and evil only. It chills the hearts of some of our purest and best, both male and female. Respectfully removed from our midst to the embrace of their Yankee friends, these unguided women ought to be happy and would be powerless for evil.

The families of Davis, Haynes, Hamilton and others have already gone to their husbands in Yankeedom—many others remain. They can do things with impunity because they are women, for which men would be hung by the populace. They well know this, and so do their tory advisers, who remain behind the curtain and direct the female tories how to act. The very leniency extended to these people is a subject of derisive contempt among them. Their removal is fully justified by the plain principle of self-preservation. The Yankees come into our country, capture a town or city and drive out whole communities of patriot women and children, penniless, breadless and clothesless to perish as beasts in the desert. These tory women in Texas rejoice at these hellish outrages, knowing that their hellish husbands aid in the hellish work. We would not return measure for measure, by no means, but send them as comfortably as practicable, let them take their property or its proceeds and go in peace. Our only object should be to protect our own country and families, by putting it out of the power of these tory families to injure the one or the other.

The attention of Gens. E. K. Smith, Walker, Governor Murrah and all in authority is respectfully called to this subject. If these people love the hated Yankees better than the Confederate people and want to miscegenate their sons and daughters with Yankeeized negroes, why, in all conscience, aid them to reach their land of promise and enjoy its miscegenating beauties.

Common Sense.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 5

Fayette County, Texas, Jan. 28<sup>th</sup>, 1865

Ed. News:--having tried the following remedy to my satisfaction, I therefore feel no delicacy in recommending the same to the public as a certain destruction to the well known pest of this country, to grain, garden seed, &c., termed weevil. It is well known that those insects will breed in garden seed, such as beans, peas, &c., even though the seed may be confined in a bottle made air tight by corking and sealing. Now sir, if a very small portion of the gum of camphor be put in the bottle with the seed, when they are first put up, I will insure that they are never troubled by weevil. I have even allowed them to become quite numerous in the seed, and a short time after applying the gum I found the grown weevil, all dead, and by examination I found many dead ones in the seed, which I suppose were destroyed by the effect of the gum, before they were able to cut out. Twenty-five cents worth of the gum will preserve a bushel of seed.

Yours, &c.,  
E [?]

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 15, 1865, p. 1, c. 2

[From Flake's Bulletin, Feb. 10<sup>th</sup>.]

Another flag of truce boat was sent to the blockaders yesterday, carrying out M. Funk and family and several ladies and children, permitted to leave the country. . .

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 15, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Galveston, Feb. 8, 1865.

Ed. News:--The flag of truce boat met the blockaders yesterday, and brought in Mrs. Jones and Miss Gibson, of Matagorda [sic]. . .

Yesterday was quite an exciting day here. During the shelling of the steamer Wren, the tops of the houses were crowded with people, and several ladies went out to the beach to enjoy (?) the shelling. About 3 P.M. the Wren got afloat, and by the exertions of Col. Cook and Lt. Patton, who acted as engineer, with the assistance of a number of Col. Cook's soldiers, the vessel was brought safe into port amid the cheers of the multitude congregated on the Central wharf to greet her arrival. Quite a crowd visited the steamer in the stream, and to heighten the excitement, some six or seven persons, among whom was the correspondent of the Telegraph, (Sioux) introduced an aquatic feat, which terminated to the entire satisfaction of the spectators. The boat in which they attempted to take their departure for above turned over, and such a floundering was rarely before witnessed. Everybody was saved, but the actors in the scene refused to respond to the encores of the spectators.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 15, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Galveston, Feb. 10<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Ed. News:--The flag of truce boat went out again on yesterday. Mr. Funk and some ladies and children were received on board the fleet. . .

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

We have received a second prospectus of a new paper to be issued, called the "Texas Christian Herald," to be devoted to the family circle, the farmer, the artisan and the housemaid.

This paper is to be published under the auspices of the Texas Baptist State Convention. It is to be the largest paper in the State, on good paper, and printed with new material. Price \$4 per annum weekly, the first number to be issued as soon as 500 subscribers are obtained. The Executive Committee are B. Blanton, W. C. Crane, James W. Barnes, Jno. M. Knight and H. Clark. Under such auspices, we cannot doubt but that this new paper will be a most valuable acquisition to the journalism of our State.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 3

Another flag of truce boat (says the Bulletin) will leave with Mrs. Romain on the 9<sup>th</sup> (to-day), having permission to leave the country.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 22, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Having procured some better and larger type than we have been heretofore compelled to use, we shall now increase the size of the Bulletin to that of the News, making the News a daily paper which will be sent to all who are subscribers for both. Hereafter, no matter contained by one paper will be copied into another, except advertisements. The subscription price of the Daily News will be the same as for both the News and Bulletin, that is \$12 per year, or at that rate for a shorter period. Our city subscribers to the Tri-weekly will be furnished with the Daily for a few issues, which, after an opportunity of judging, we hope they will be induced to take, as it will save us the trouble of employing two carriers. Those who do not wish the Daily will please notify us.

The destruction of our office, near three years ago, at a time when new printing material and type, could scarcely be had, has compelled us to use type too much worn to be always easily read. We trust our readers will find our present paper a considerable improvement. We have had many difficulties to contend with under our heavy losses by the war and fire, but shall spare no labor or expense within our power, to make the News satisfactory to all in point of typographical execution, and to every true Southerner, in all other respects.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

Telegraph Line to San Antonio.—We learn that Mr. D. P. Shepherd, Superintendent of the Southwestern Telegraph Line, in connection with other parties, have ordered material and made other preliminary arrangements for building a line of telegraph from Hempstead, via Brenham, LaGrange, Bastrop, Austin and New Braunfels, to San Antonio. The proprietors will have the co-operation of the military authorities of this Department and every thing augurs favorably for the early completion of the line. The work will be commenced as soon as the weather will permit.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 1, 1865, p. 1, c. 3

Independence, Texas.

Mr. Editor:--In compliance with your request I write a short article on the culture of tobacco—born and reared in the midst of that region which supplies Richmond, Petersburg and Lynchburg with their choice leaf for manufacturing chewing tobacco, and having grown and manufactured it myself for twenty-five or thirty years, I herewith give you, in substance, the method approved and generally observed, when (as a refugee) I was driven from my home and occupation as a tobacconist. Tobacco is grown for export and for home manufacture and consumption. For the first, or shipping tobacco, the various kinds of seed producing the largest,

heaviest, coarsest leaf is preferred—not adapted to home use—and is cured by firing or heavy smoking in tight closely daubed and chinked barns, thus the oil of the leaf is so thoroughly dried or crystalized as to resist the dampness of a sea voyage. To us, this kind of tobacco and mode of cure is not now applicable; for the kind suitable to us, the three varieties of the prior, the white stem or the orinoco are preferred. They produce a leaf less bitter, with less nitre [sic] and much milder, of smaller finer fibre [sic] and more silky texture. The last or Onnoko [both names transcribed as written] has been long preferred as being the sweetest leaf. Great care should be used in preparing and sowing seed beds, so as to destroy all grass and weed seed, and that the plants be not too [sic] thick to thrive and have good body and shape, else they live badly when transplanted (being too spindling) and produce an unthrifty plant, with long shank (or body) and few narrow and scattering leaves equally troublesome as a good plant and much inferior in quality and quantity. Hence tobacco seed is measured before sown, and the number of square yards in the bed computed. The pipe bow or table-spoon has been always the unit or standard of measure—a common full sized tablespoon, filled to heaping by dipping up the seed, is ample to sow a bed twenty feet square, which should yield plants enough for ten acres, which is a full crop for four hands in Virginia—the worming, succoring and housing or saving, being the burden of the crop. The seed should be thoroughly mixed with one or two gallons (the more the better) of finely [fold in paper] dry ashes [fold in paper] sown carefully or cross-sown. The best land for beds is rich, moist (not wet) branch flats (not alluvial) thick grown with brushwood and long covered with leaves, the soil of a close, tight character, not spongy, puffy or loose when dry. This is very necessary in windy, drying, Texas—chop down all the small growth just under the surface and cut down all the large timber, clean and rake off the bed-spot nicely and let the sun dry it well, then burn it well and uniformly to destroy weed and grass seed, wash off all the ashes and brands from the burning, loosen or chop the soil deeply (not turning it over) and closely with grubbing hoes, chopping and taking out all small roots, re-chop or hoe finely the surface with weeding hoes, then rake off all clods and trash and avoid tramping the bed until sown; then the sowing may be well done and uniform. Lay off the bed two ways in narrow lands and sow high and regularly and patiently—this done trench around as security against any wash, then with the broadest, flattest, heaviest shoes at your command have the bed closely and heavily tramped, and lastly cover the bed so as nearly to hide the land with large leafless brush and await the result. For the tobacco field new ground is preferable; it should be productive and dry or well drained; very rich land produces an article too large and coarse and is more apt to damage on the hill and must be cut before it is ripe. The land should be well broken and hilled up in good order, if not too dry, a very heavy rain is well as for a season. The usual distance for hills is three feet three inches each way, yet three feet one way and three and a half feet the other gives the advantage of the wide way in chopping and worming and succoring. New ground in tobacco should never be ploughed after planting as pulling the roots destroy too many plants. Hence, the necessity for thorough preparation. Old land, though fine and rich for corn or cotton, should have a little manure in the hill, to start off readily the tender plant, else it may stand for weeks without growing.

But to return. When the leaves in the plant-bed are as large as dollars, the bed must be uncovered, and when the body of the plant is two inches long, you can plant if a season. The bed must be wet, to draw the plants well, which is best done one plant at a time and the largest, finest, and where too thick, let the first drawing thin them out. In planting, just leave the bud out, and if the plants are too old and long, give them an oblique planting, down to the bud. When the plant is large, top it, which is best done by pinching out the button, or bunching seed bud, before

it begins to new up. Next, weekly the suckers must be taken off when small and tender. Four or five crops of suckers and the plant ripens, which is *indisputably* known by the *disappearance* of all the furze from the top of the leaf, a better indication than color, breaking of leaf, speck spots, etc. When the upper side of the leaf is perfectly smooth, it is ripe, as is generally the case with the forest leaf. Tobacco gets its weight and quality in ripening. The sap is then converted into oil, which, when perfect exudes and appears in small dark specks on the leaf. When tobacco is cured, (if ripe) this oil (unlike the sap in green tobacco) remains and gives weight and virtue to the weed, and which when volatile in the pipe, puffs dull care away. The bud and horn worms should be hunted once a week, so as to kill the egg, or the worm very young. The name of the first, marks his position, the latter is best caught soon in the morning or on cloudy days, for if not caught till grown, during sunshine, he hides in the hills. When you think the plant is ripe, wait till it begins to waste before you cut. Split midway down the stalk before you cut it from the hill, thus it will straddle the stick well and dry and come up much sooner. If the weather be hot sunshine, cut in the cool of the evening and pick up in the morning, else the hot sun will burn the plant, which is as bad as frost bite. Put the plants then on sticks, (not longer than 4 ¼ feet) crowd them on a scaffold, (better near your shelter or house.) In two or three days, the leaves yellow and almost bleach, then open to the sun and let it dry. Watch against showers—if about to rain or the dews are too heavy, put it under shelter or in the open houses and there let it remain, secure from rain, direct or directing, and seeing that it is not too much corroded [crowded?] to cure regularly by the air—no firing, smoking or doctoring. This is the whole process for air curing or sun curing, from which comes all our fine, sweet chewing tobacco. Take off the coal cured yellow wrapper from the fine plug, and the balance is the sweet, rich, oily, ripe, mahogany, sun or air cured, leaf, from which the nectar flows. Before cutting, a few dirty, sandy, gritty leaves should be pulled off and thrown away, that the balance be not soiled by them. When thoroughly cured, stem and all, then strip off and bundle the leaves in from 15 to 20 in a "bind," putting similar leaves in each bundle and each variety by itself, and then you classify your chewing and smoking tobacco, and thus you can have your choice of the various qualities. But after it is striped, rehang the different qualities separately, hoist them as high up in your shelter as you can, and let them soften and dry, (or come in and go out of order.) Frequently with the changes of the weather and the acidity and newness is removed and the character of the article much improved, and when you would pack it down, *do so when it is coming in order*, which is when the leaf is supple, (or it will not break,) and *the large part of the stem breaks even below the middle*. Lap the bundle half across each other, in a straight, close bulk, with the heads out, and then labors and care can be given place to the solace that the luscious treasure is safe, and when the full, merry, cracking fire of winter glows, and you see that the big back log is on, while you are volatilizing the fruits of honest, ruddy labors away and dissolving sights and cares into empty nothingness, fancy will revert, in pity, to the fate and days of Orpheus, which lack this magic theme for song:

O, weed, divine—  
Great solace mine!  
Whilst I repine  
O'er days, Lang Syne!

J.A.D.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 1, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

Blessing of the Blockade—Texas Home Industry.—We have on our table a group of

nineteen samples from the looms of a single plantation, embracing such a variety of quality, material, color and fabric, as to command the admiration of all who see them. No two of these samples have the same color or quality; and they range from the heaviest plain cotton domestic, to a fine and smoothly executed stripe and check for dresses—from the heaviest double twill bleach pilot cloth, to a nice, purely white and soft flannel, linsey and tweeds of several qualities and patterns. The grey jeans, or cloth, is so exact a *fac simile* of our grey army cloth in color, and so superior to most of it in quality, as to answer well for Confederate uniforms.

Would that we were better skilled in fabric technicals, and the operations of the factories, that we might do justice to the patriotic handicraft and economy of "Greenwood," in Montgomery county.

We learn with surprise, that the two looms, kept constantly running—the one with the fly shuttle, and the other with the common hand shuttle—have yielded, during the past year, more than six thousand yards of manufactured goods, of which these samples are fair specimens.

Every color is borrowed from the neighboring hills and forests; every fabric of cotton and wool consumed, grew upon the same plantation that manufactures and wears them; the looms, the shuttles, the harness and the slays, the reeds and the warping bars, were made out and out, on the spot where they are used, and not a nail or bolt of iron is found in the loom house.

The slaves that do the labor in these manufactures were born in the family, and readily learn to perform each their special part in the work. The intelligence and supervision has been furnished by the lady of the manor, and not a hired assistant in any department has been employed; and only two articles have been purchased to enable them to obtain these results, namely, the cards and the copperas. The latter of these is abundantly produced in the hills of Texas, and is being rapidly brought into market. The latter [former], we hope, soon to see manufactured within the State.

We cannot add that this prolific product of the loom has been entirely consumed on the plantation that has yielded it; on the contrary, besides clothing entire the slaves of the plantation, it graces the parlor of the mansion, in the dresses of the elegant and intelligent mistress and her family; and it blesses many a soldier in the trenches and on the field, from Texas to Maryland.

The county is greatly indebted to Major Green Wood and his accomplished wife and family, for these testimonials, to the blessings of a blockade. Heaven spare their noble boys who have borne their industry and their patriotic blood through storms of battles in the farthest and bloodiest fields of the Confederacy.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 1, 1865, p. 2, c. 6

Gonzales County, Texas, Feb. 4, 1865.

Editor News:--I send herewith a few practical instructions concerning the raising of tobacco plants, which, in the absence of others more meritorious, may prove acceptable. I have often tried the plan laid down and it never entirely failed. Tobacco is a plant that requires much attention, and that precisely at the right time. I am of the opinion that a tolerably fair article of tobacco can be raised here, if the proper attention be given to the subject. Of course no one expects to make an A No. 1 article.

Very respectfully yours,

J.W.F.

Tobacco Culture.



Gonzales County, Texas, Feb. 4, 1865.

Editor News:--In your issue of the 30<sup>th</sup> ult., you invite information concerning the successful raising of "Tobacco Plants," and having spent several years of my life in farming in the tobacco region of Va., I send you the following plain directions, being incompetent to the task of writing an elaborate article on the subject.

1<sup>st</sup>. Select a low, moist situation—generally found near creeks and ravines—cover it with wood to the depth of 18 inches and burn the land well, taking care not to stir it before burning, as the grass seed will thus fail of being entirely destroyed, which the burning is intended to accomplish. Next, manure well with the droppings from sheep, slaked ashes, or manure from the barn-yard, if well decomposed, and turn under with the spade, to the depth of eight inches. After having cleared the bed thus formed of all extraneous matter and raked it well, sow a medium sized tablespoonful of seed to every two hundred square feet of surface. If you run late in the season, sow one fourth less, and if early, you may add as much more. Sow entirely around the bed adjacent to the tobacco plants, a row of mustard seed, one foot in width, as it not only serves to attract the attention of the flies and bugs, (the great enemies of tobacco plants) it being their favorite diet, but gives the planter timely warning of the danger near. Next, tramp or roll the bed until it is quite compact, and then be sure that it is covered closely and perfectly as possible with the smallest and straightest branches of trees or with undergrowth, which is better, especially if covered with leaves; if not, scatter a few over the bed before putting the brush on. Put sufficient weight on the brush to keep it permanently in place. The brush covering is intended to maintain an even temperature upon the bed and to protect the young plants from the inroads of insects, and should be allowed to remain until the plants are free from this danger, which is generally about the time their leaves are a half inch in width. After the brush is removed, should the plants be attacked by insects, first sprinkle the plants with water and then soot, and put the covering back for a few days, which is the best remedy I am acquainted with, of a simple nature. Should the weather become dry, occasionally irrigate in the evening.

J.F.W.

P.S.—Any kind of seed will suit, except the kind known as "Brazilian or Havana tobacco seed," which I deem of a character too light and poor to make good tobacco.

J.F.W.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 1, c. 7

[From the Charleston Courier.]

Acrostic.

Grand in his purity, guileless and true,  
Ever he leads us to victories new,  
Never had a nation a worthier son,  
Link we his name with our own Washington;  
Rich in each attribute known to the brave,  
Onward he presses his country to save;  
Boldly repelling the insolent foe,  
Everywhere meeting them; laying them low.  
Rarely he smiles; but would'st see his eye bright,  
Then follow him on to the end of the fight.

Even as he marshals his host on the plain,  
Leading them on to conquests again.  
Every page that is brightest in history shall be  
Enshrined by the name of some patriot like Lee.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

The price of Irish potatoes in Galveston is \$15 per barrel, and in Houston \$25.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

Headquarters, &c., Near Colqueut [Colquet?], La.,  
February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Ed. News:--It has been some time since I saw they free and handsome columns. I have been far away to the northward, with ye cavalry, but I have returned, and as editors are presumed to know almost everything, we have decided to ask you some questions of vital importance to us, after first stating what we know relative thereto. Cotton by the thousand bales has been shipped to Mexico, and many thousand pounds of the precious article have been sold to Yankee trading boats on the Mississippi river; and the citizens tell us that their cotton has been taken by government officials for the purpose of buying clothing for the soldiers. And our worthy commanders, when questioned on this point, tell us that the cotton trade is absolutely necessary, to relieve the necessities of the private soldiers of this department in furnishing them with shoes, shirts, blankets, hats, coats, pants, &c. Laudable undertaking, is it not, thus to have the welfare and comfort of the private soldier so much at heart? But Mr. Editor, notwithstanding this exportation of cotton has been going on at a fearful rate, for two years, we have not yet had our necessities relieved. Plenty of time has certainly elapsed for as to have received the first installment; but this winter finds us, after an active and arduous campaign of ten months very destitute of clothing, in fact, almost naked. The citizens are surprised to see us in this condition, after hearing of the unceasing labors of the great men at Shreveport to clothe us.

There is not one soldier in every three of the rank and file of this division, that has a change of clothing, and there is not an average of one good blanket to every man in the command throughout and, at least, fifty men are now absolutely barefooted, and many more so nearly that they suffer intensely from the cold biting frosts that we have even in Louisiana. We have not tents or cooking utensils, but we care not for tents, pots, skillets, frying pans, &c. We can do as we have done before, bake our bread on boards and roast our beef on bricks. But when our tender hearted, considerate rulers have done so much and have labored so assiduously in shipping cotton both to Mexico and the Federal Union, to supply the soldier's wants, we think we should reap the benefits of their labors, at least, to the tune of one suit each year. If you have traveled much in the great State of Texas, Mr. Editor, within the year 1864, you perhaps know as well as I do, that nearly every town in the State is a military Post. These posts have their commanders, who rank from Lieutenant up to full Colonel. You will find also Post Adjutants, with rank appropriate to their responsible positions, and no town whether it be a Post or not, is free from A.Q.M's and A.C.S's. Take the two latter, as a clan, and it is as numerous almost as the sands of the sea. I have often asked myself the question: Where did they all come from? All of these officers, Mr. Editor, if you are a close observer, you find wearing the newest of uniforms, with glittering buttons thereon, and such quantities of lace, Mr. Editor, as is never seen on the battle field. And it is said by those who have been there, that the two hundred or more officers that honor Shreveport with their presence, dress in the same style. All must have and do have

caps, cloaks, overcoats, &c. If this is the case, the wardrobe of one of these patriotic, heroic dandies would well nigh clothe a small company of private soldiers. Some of our boys thinks that the gentlemen above alluded to, have drawn the cloth that was purchased for them, with all the cotton; but then soldiers are so ignorant they don't know, and, in fact, have but little use for the little sense they have. What do you say Mr. Editor?

Sometimes it is the case that officers resign, way up here on the Northern frontier of this Department, and leave the service; go right to Shreveport or some other place, to see a Governor or a General, to see if it is possible to get an agency in the Cotton Bureau; to try their hands at relieving the necessities of the soldiers. (Only a few days ago, a Colonel resigned, and I fancy, from what I know, that, were another month has shown its tail, he will be rolling somebody's cotton bales.) After these men have been in the cotton trade six or eight weeks, we find them sporting gold watches, heavy chains and jingling double eagles for pocket pieces. Brass mounted McClellan saddles, silver plated bits, ivory handled pistols and new pocket cutlery follow. At the end of six months, we see them purchasing plantations and negroes—wonderfully progressive—don't you think so? And the General or Governor who assists these men to position in the Cotton Bureau, is almost certain to receive a demijohn of fine brandy, a gold watch or something of the kind. Some of our boys think that there is a private understanding between these Generals, Governors and Cotton Bureau men, but I guess it ain't so.

Mr. Editor, was you ever a soldier? Well, if you never was, you know nothing of muster rolls, pay day, &c. We have all been soldiers for nearly four years and we know almost as little as you, who have never been one, in regard to these small details of military life. We were last paid on the 31<sup>st</sup> day of August, 1863—about 17 months ago. Our Quartermaster, Major P., says that he has received a written paragraph order, ordering him to make estimates for funds. But, Mr. Editor, this pleasant little incident related by the worthy Major, as plausible as it may seem, is no sign that we will be paid; it is only a proof that ye grand Quartermaster of ye Department wants to keep his clerks out of mischief, and he can do it most effectually by keeping them at work. We are told that the "new issue" is beautiful to look upon and easy made—in all respects much better than the "old issue" but one of our boys tried to buy one bushel of sweet roots, some time ago, from a detailed twenty negro man, and he asked him twenty dollars in "new issue." Our boys, Mr. Editor, didn't have but ten dollars and they came away without the roots.

It is not likely that we will go into winter quarters, as it is impossible to forage our animals long at a place. However, the going into winter quarters is a matter of small consequence, as the winter is now nearly gone. Our boys are in good spirits, Mr. Editor, and will be ready for the field in a very short time, and they hope that, in the interim between to-day and the opening of the spring campaign, to welcome back their gallant leader, major General J. S. Marmaduke, who is now held a prisoner on Johnson's Island. We are all anxious for his early return. We have confidence in him, Mr. Editor, for he is sober, discreet, noble and brave. It would, indeed, be a happy day for his old Division were he to return to-morrow. Will our rulers do all they can to have him exchanged? I hope so.

Respectfully,

Wallingham.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 6

17<sup>th</sup> Texas Infantry, Feb. 21, '65.

Editor News:--I desire through your columns to publish the progress of Christianity in this department of the army (Forney's division.) There is, and has been for some time, an intense interest on this subject, manifested by the soldiers. We have indeed had refreshing showers of

the grace of God poured out upon us, interrupted from time to time only by marches of the command. Several missionaries have visited this division in the last few months, and much good has been accomplished. Owing to the recent removal of camps, and very much cold wet weather rendering it necessary, public services have to a great extent been dispensed with. But again as the weather is better, and opportunities presenting themselves, interest is again manifesting itself. Brother N. O. Mason, Missionary of the 2d brigade, has arrived, and commenced his labors, not only in the pulpit, but among the sick, and at the prayer meeting and Bible Class. He has done much in visiting the sick, encouraging the desponding, cheering the hopeless, and ministering to not only their spiritual but their temporal wants. He has ingratiated himself with the soldiers, and is much esteemed by them. On his return he found the Christian Advocate, which he was instrumental in organizing last summer, in a flourishing condition, and dispensing through its committees, its charities to the sick of the brigade. Its regular meetings are held on the first Sunday of every month, and on the intervening Sabbaths it meets in the capacity of "Bible class and prayer meeting," where much spiritual refreshment is had by its members, by an affective intercourse and exchange of advice, instruction and encouragement to one another. No schism or sectarian spirit is manifested, but rather a holy communion of spirits, refreshed by the presence of the Spirit of the Father. But much more good might be accomplished by the Association, if it were not hindered for want of means, to carry out their chief objects, one, and chief of which, is to visit and procure comforts in every way for the sick, to procure attention and such articles of diet as are indispensable to the unfortunate and suffering sick soldier. Much has already been accomplished in this way, and efforts are about being made to devise means to extend their usefulness in this way. We have also organized a Baptist Church in this brigade, which is in a flourishing condition, and of which, I am acting as pastor. But owing to my feeble health, I do not know how long I can act in this capacity. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. S. Cox.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

A Good Joke.—A friend of ours, says the Jackson Mississippian, who is always on the alert for amusing instances, as well as being a jolly, whole souled fellow, gives the following exceedingly original anecdote in relation to an enthusiastic Baptist minister, having since been promoted to a captaincy in Gov. Clark's militia. Holding forth lately at a revival not over fifty miles from this city, he concluded his description of the beauties of heaven in this way:

My dear brethren, there will be heard no more the thundering roar of the cannon, the loud roar of the mortar, the bursting of the bomb in the air, nor the sharp crack of the rifle; and what is better, my brethren, there will be no Yankees in that celestial city.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

Seeds to Give Away.—I will give to Soldiers' Families, or others unable to purchase, the following Seeds: Mustard, Kale, Pea, Bean, Okre [sic], Carrot, Parsley, Kershaw [sic], Raddish [sic], Pepper, Indigo and Tobacco.

James Burke.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 3, c. 5

Who will make a good wife.—When you see a young woman who rises early, sets the table and prepares her father's breakfast cheerfully, depend upon it that she will make a good wife. You may rely upon it that she possesses a good disposition and a kind heart.

When you see a young woman just out of bed at 9 o'clock, leaning with her elbow on the table, gasping and sighing, "Oh, how dreadful I feel," rely upon it she will not make a good wife. She must be lazy and mopish.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 3, c. 6

### Achievements of the Thirty Rangers.

12 Miles from Covington, Newton Co.,  
Georgia, Dec. 18<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Dear Parents:--I am still in the land of the living, and expect to be for some time to come.

Gen. Hood selected from the Rangers 30 picked men, to act as his special scouts, who were placed under the command of Capt. Shannon, of Co. C, of our Regiment. I having the honor and pleasure of being one of the 30 selected for special duty, have in consequence, been absent from the command for some two months. Since I left, several of our brave comrades have fallen, among whom are Jno. S. Stewart, Jno. Fowler and A. Moore, and John Ryon slightly wounded.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> of Nov., Gen. Sherman, who is in command of the Yankee army, finding that Gen. Hood had flanked him, and that it was impossible for him to retreat from Atlanta through Tennessee, and being nearly starved, left the 14<sup>th</sup>, (after burning everything except the Churches,) with four corps—14<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup>, 17<sup>th</sup>, and 20<sup>th</sup>—moved down toward Augusta with the 14<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup>, while the 15<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> went in the direction of Macon, but flanked the city and moved to Milledgeville. The 14<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup>, after going down the Augusta Railroad to Madison, left the Railroad and went to Milledgeville also. The army then crossed the river and moved toward Savannah. They will also flank that place to the coast.

When the Yankees left Atlanta, we were twelve miles below the city, on South River. In the morning, in passing down the road, about 3 miles from camp, found 3 Yanks driving off a lady's cows. We soon scattered their brains and moved on—crossed the R. R. in a cloud of smoke from the burning buildings of the little village of Synthiana, and moved down the enemy's flank, looking for more of the thieving rascals, but did not find any, and camped in a thicket, within a half mile of the enemy—had potatoes and meat for supper.

I will now give you a few extracts from my diary for a few days that we were on the look out for some of Old Abraham's children:

Nov. 18<sup>th</sup>.—We started early, and near Oxford, in Newton County, we found a pen of hogs that some Yanks had put up and gone to town for help to drive off. We moved in towards town, but did not go far before we met nine Yanks. After a run of some two miles, we killed three and wounded four. We then left the road, keeping close to the route the enemy was traveling, but not meeting with any more, we camped at a house a body of Yanks had just left.

Nov. 19<sup>th</sup>.—Up early and crossed the Alcova River and down the railroad through Social Circle Station, then to Rutledge Station. There we found two Yankees, whom we killed, and on down to within six miles of Madison, where we came up with the rear guard of the army. We soon learned there were some 50 or 60 of the enemy behind us. We took the woods to reconnoitre [sic]; moved round them and came back on the road between them and the army; formed in line of battle. Captain Shannon then sent them a flag of truce, demanding an unconditional surrender, telling them we had them cut off and surrounded. They soon "caved." We took the party, numbering 56, "in out of the weather"—our whole number being only 30.

We then armed some of the citizens with their guns and let the citizens send them off. We then left the road and camped.

Nov. 20<sup>th</sup>.—Out again early; passed through Madison, but did not go far before we caught six Yanks at a house. Went to the next house and caught four more. On again, and soon came up with the wagon train, which we charged, but had to leave it in a hurry, but brought off ten prisoners. After sending them off, took a thicket and camped.

Nov. 21<sup>st</sup>.—We followed on to-day and run into the rear guard and had to run out, and after moving about until dark, we camped.

Nov. 22d. To-day we followed on and only whipped about 1000 negroes, who were on their way to the enemy. We camped at dark.

No. 23d. This morning we moved on through the plantations to the Oconee river, and swam it. After riding about three miles we found twenty-five or thirty Yankee cavalry. We charged them, and after a round or two, they ran, after we had killed and wounded several, but in the run we run into the whole brigade, and had to run out. We took the woods and camped within five miles of Sparta, Hancock county.

Nov. 24<sup>th</sup>. Moved out early and learned from the citizens that a party of Yankee cavalry were in search of us. A general desire was expressed that their wish to find us might be gratified. We moved on about half a mile and found them, 30 strong. We pitched into them and run them three miles to their main army, killing five and capturing five of them. We then took the woods, crossed the creek, and found three more at a house. To kill two and capture the other was but the work of a moment. We moved on, and when near Sandersville, we found we were in the very heart of the Yankee army. After trying in several directions to get out without any chance of success, we hid in the woods. The Yanks killed hogs all around us. We lay low until after dark, when we moved out, taking care to avoid all their campfires, which were all around us; rode until nearly daylight, and stopped at Worthing's Cross Roads, some ten miles from Sparta.

Nov. 26<sup>th</sup>. We had just finished breakfast, when Gen. Kilpatrick's special scouts of 28 men came in sight. Capt. Shannon took 15 of us and charged them, and run them some two miles, killing two and capturing two. Our horses were so jaded we could not follow them farther; came back into the timber and camped.

No. 27<sup>th</sup>. We rested in camp until 2 o'clock, when we moved out on the road to Vining's Bridge on the Ogeechee river, and found a large force of the enemy camped. We turned off up to May's Bridge and camped. We have nine prisoners and some thirty Yankee horses with us now. We are in Gibson county.

Nov. 28<sup>th</sup>. Crossed the river early and met a scout who took our prisoners off our hands, and bought most of our stock. We moved down the river ten miles and camped.

Nov. 29<sup>th</sup>. Turned out early, and when within four miles of Soursville we found our enemies, charged the lot, killed three, captured three, and run the whole brigade for a mile. We then turned off to the left, and soon found nine Yanks, burning some houses, cotton, cotton gins, barns, &c.; charged them at once, and in a very few minutes the whole lot were in kingdom come. We then moved back and camped, satisfied with the day's sport.

Nov. 30<sup>th</sup>. Moved out early, but did not go far before we run into an infantry command, and taking a hasty farewell of them, went into the woods, followed by some of their balls, which did no damage, more than an occasional dodge of the head from Mr. Minnie's near proximity to our ears.

Dec. 1<sup>st</sup>. Soon on the road, and traveled all day; no game; had stopped to rest a few

minutes with the remarks, such as "A bad day's work, boy," "They won't come out to day," &c., when a dense smoke rose to our right. "Mount your horses," thundered Capt. Shannon, and in less time than it takes me to write, we were in a gallop. About a mile off, we found a dwelling, barn and cotton-gin in flames. The negroes said the Yanks had just left. On in a fast gallop 1½ miles; another smoke arose; away to it we went. They had left; on we went and soon came to a mill they had just fired. "Faster faster." Every man's heart was in his throat, and every one trying to get ahead for the first shot. We soon overhauled them to their death. They had twenty or twenty-five negroes, and forty or fifty mules and horses, a carriage loaded with whiskey, brandy, wine, chickens, turkeys, knives, forks, spoons, ladies' shawls and silk dresses, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. We took the whole, and then moved and camped.

Dec. 2. Out early, crossed the Buckhead Creek, and found a large body of cavalry near the mill that was burned yesterday. We took the hack-track, crossing a field and met a squad of Yankees coming on our rear. We charged, killing two of them; crossed the creek again; then crossed the Augusta and Savannah Railroad, and camped.

Dec. 3. Moved on slowly, all tired, and weather bad. After riding ten miles, we heard of a party of Yanks and cut for them; found twelve at a house. We soon had six ready for the ditch, and six prisoners, and are now in Scriven county, and the poorest county in the State, all pine timber. We camped five miles of Sylvania, the county seat.

Dec. 4<sup>th</sup>. The Augusta and Savannah river are so close together that we cannot play in here any longer. Crossed the Savannah at Herndon's ferry, passed through the bottom seven miles wide and camped. We now learn we cannot cross back until we get to Augusta. After four days traveling, reached Augusta, and found orders for Capt. Shannon to report to Gen. Hood in Middle Tennessee. We are stopped on the road to rest, but will move on in a few days. During the last two and a half months this scouting party have killed and captured 459 Yankees. When Gen. Hood started his flank movement, he ordered us to stay around Atlanta, and keep him posted as to what Sherman might do. We lay around the city day and night; caught forage wagons; took their pickets in out of the rain; caught their couriers between the city and the river for their papers, keeping the Yanks in constant hot water. We killed 43 and captured 102 that we know of. We are (the scouts) now well off for clothing, the Yanks having supplied us liberally, with clothing and funds. I am going to a dance to-morrow night near here.

"So let the wide world wag as it will,  
I will be gay and happy still."

I have enjoyed myself for this trip but think, sometimes, I am getting hard-hearted. But I notice the tears of a lady always brings tears to my eyes and the smoke and flames of a dwelling prevents the prayers of the Yankees for their lives, even when on their knees, being heard, and steadies my nerves to kill them all if possible. I will get more of the blue jackets yet, as I have a brace of pistols that never snap, and a horse that is as true as steel, and never flinches.

We are all well known here and about Atlanta, and welcome guests wherever we stop; and, as yet, none of our command has been injured.

Your affectionate son,

E. D. J.  
Terry's Texas Rangers.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 4, c. 7

Soldier's Home at Hempstead—Soldiers are directed to:

J. B. A. Ahrens, Superintendent;  
or D. M. Clowes, Secretary.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 1, c. 3

Letter from a Lady.

Austin, February 27<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Mr. Editor:--You have often made the offer to publish evils if you were informed of their existence. To this remark you have strictly adhered, and much benefit has accrued therefrom. We have all felt the value of a good paper and the influence it exerts, and at this time we especially need editors who will not swerve from the paths of duty to please the few, while the many suffer. It is difficult to comprehend the silence of newspapers throughout the State, in reference to the conduct of men in high places. To notice their publications, especially in this place, you would infer that the employees were too decrepid [sic] to serve in the field in any capacity, and that such, alone, would be employed. It may be urged that a lady is out of her sphere in meddling with matters of this nature. If so, it is the duty of men cognizant of the facts, to give them circulation; but where men have ocular demonstrations of them, and yet complacently permit their existence, they are as much to blame as the officials who mislead the people by false advertisements for men they do not employ. The Gazette, in this city, although an excellent paper, seems to have taken no interest in these things, and instead of proclaiming the existence of an hundred able-bodied young men in the civil and military offices of this city, who shirk the service, (at the option of those who should spurn their applications with contempt,) it encourages the evil by its silence. You may judge for yourself whether our officers are patriotic. I will refer to the offices, in proportion to their employees. Comptroller's office employs eight clerks—only one of them crippled—the others are strong, healthy young men, who have never been in hard service. This surprises us, from the fact that the head of the office is a brave old veteran, who has worn the scars of many a hard fought battle, and the only State officer who has ever been under fire. The Land Office has seven clerks, only one of whom has been in battle. The Military Board, including an adjunct office, has four; the State Receiver's Office four; the Post Quartermaster's Office four; the Treasurer's Office four; and none of all those have been in the service. The Governor's Adjutant General's and Beef Offices, with a number of other offices, all employ young and able-bodied young men. Nor is Austin alone filled with young men who should be in the field. If reports are true, San Antonio and Houston are equally gorged with young men who will one day blush for their cowardice. But you will ask for a remedy for these evils. I can offer but one, and that is to publish the names of officers in the State who employ young men, with the names of the clerks employed, and their duties, since the war began. The newspapers that follow this course will benefit the Confederacy more than an army of Enrolling Officers, and win the esteem of every true soldier and patriot. In a letter from a sister in South Carolina, I learn that the offices of that State are filled with the decrepid [sic] and infirm, and the distinction, in every case, made for the soldier. Texas can boast of as brave and gallant men, but her officials pay but little respect to the brave, decrepid [sic] warriors, who have returned to their houses maimed for life. Give these the places and preferments above all others. I have made Texas, for a while, my home, and I appreciate its people as highly as it is possible for a woman to love the generous and brave. Three of my brothers have fallen in the service, and my father is still in the field; hence, I have a right to feel for the soldiers, who are fighting for our liberties,



and wish to see, in this our time of need, every young man in the field, who has a spark of courage and honor. In conclusion, I will suggest that every lady bring her influence to bear in this matter, and if the men will not make known and try to correct the evils in our land, let the ladies battle with the pen for our soldiers in the field, and tell them the names of the young men who are forsaking them. Should any young man get angry with me for my plain words, I beg his pardon, but it is *my duty* to urge upon him *his duty*. You can give my name if required.

Respectfully,

Lucy.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Address,  
Spoken by James H. Carter, at the Winter  
Examination of Waco University.

Ladies of the South:

One of the brightest pages in the future history of this war, will be that which records the devotion of the Ladies of the South.

While our Lee and Beauregard and Stonewall Jackson will stand side by side with Leonadias, Fabius and Washington, our women will stand on the same proud eminence with Deborah, Zenobia and the Spartan mothers.

The Ladies of the South have with bleeding, yet willing hearts, sent forth their loved ones to meet the sharp bayonet and deadly whizzing bullet.

As the forest oak shakes down the green glories of Spring to battle with the Winter storm, so have the beautiful daughters of the South laid aside the decorations of ease and fashion to battle against the raging storm of fanaticism.

They have toiled like slaves to support their families and supply fathers, brothers and husbands in the field with a thousand needful comforts, and all this with an uncomplaining fortitude that adds lustre [sic] to the name woman. On every battle field scarcely has the smoke of battle died away 'till woman's tender hands and angel voices are cheering the wounded and the dying.

In some instances they have even rushed into the midst of the battle to carry our exhausted soldiers water, powder and lead.

Bell Bouldin, in Missouri, and Belle Boyd, in Virginia, have carried messages for hundreds of miles in a country swarming with Yankee spies and robbers.

They thus saved whole armies and won for themselves imperishable fame.

Our hospitals have almost entirely been manned by the ladies—but though so much has been done and suffered, much remains to be done.

Liberty is like the precious jewel mentioned in the bible, for which a man must give all that he hath, and for our freedom from abolition bondage, we must sacrifice our ease, our time, our money and our blood.

The Ladies of the South must gird themselves for nobler deeds and costlier sacrifices. They must cheer the heavy and care-worn hearts of absent husbands. Let them never unnerve them by real or imaginary complaints. If they weep and lament the absence of those who have ever made Christmas days joyful, let them remember that if the Yankees conquer us, they will have no fathers, no brothers, no husbands; but with agonized emotions they must see them led away at the point of the bayonet to work on Yankee railroads, or see them like John Morgan with

shaven heads toiling in some penitentiary. Then they will see our beautiful towns and cities guarded by negroes and foreigners, and if they complain be answered with darker insults. Rather than submit to such outrages let the daughters of the South arm themselves and call for some Kosiusko to lead them to bloody graves.

But the mighty sphere of woman's influence is the heart, the hearth-stone. Let every woman, then, say go and fight; do not stay and be sick and be a commissary.

Let no mother act as did Thetis, the mother of God-like Achilles. When she consulted the oracle of Delphi as to the fate of her renowned son, she received this response,

"Two fates may lead him to the realms of light.  
If staying here around the walls of Troy he fight.  
To his dear home no more will he return,  
But lasting honor will adorn his urn;  
But if he withdraw from martial strife,  
Short is his fame, but long will be his life."

Thetis, trembling for her noble son, hid him among the daughters of Lycomedes in a woman's dress.

There are two points of vital importance on which the ladies could exert a powerful influence if they would only combine together.

While our beloved Texas soil is invaded and a horde of Northern barbarians more brutal than the Goths or Vandals are desolating our homes, there are to be found healthy, vigorous young men from 18 to 45, filling commissary places and other agencies for buying cotton, wool, &c., for government.

These young men are to be seen floundering in all our towns and cities; there are supposed to be 1500 of them in Texas. They support magnificent horses and buggies, and are celebrated gallants for the ladies.

Now if the ladies of San Antonio, Austin, Houston, Waco, Bonham and Marshall, would meet and resolve, 1<sup>st</sup>, that none but the brave deserve the fair; and 2d, the ladies of Texas will receive the attention of no young man who is not in the line of battle, we would soon see old men and wounded soldiers filling all these secure, fat places. But while the young ladies shower their smiles on this ignoble race and they fatten, what do they care for a nation in mourning? This is a burning shame on our glorious struggle, and we invoke the fair daughters of the South to aid in blotting it out.

Another point of even greater moment is the ruined condition of our country.

Among the many reasons for the depreciation of Confederate money, the scarcity and demand for silks, calicoes and other foreign goods, have been powerful causes. The purchase and use of these articles brings Confederate money in competition with gold, and allows the Yankee importers at Brownsville to fix their own value on Confederate money; and between the Yankee importers at Brownsville (who are, probably, the special emissaries of Lincoln and Seward,) and the extortioners, who bring these goods among us, our currency is nearly ruined. If money is the sinew of war, our sinews are become very weak.

The ladies can effect wonders in this particular. Let them resolve never again to disgrace our currency by giving \$10 for \$1, in the purchase of Yankee trash. Let them resolve to imitate that model woman so beautifully described by Solomon.

Let them rise while it is yet night and give meat to their household, and a portion to their maidens. Let them work wool and flax, let them lay their hand to the spindle and work diligently with their own hands. Then their household will not be afraid of the winter, for they will be

clothed in fine woolen. Then their husbands will be known when they sit in the gates, and the whole country will rise up and call them blessed.

In times similar to these the tyrant Dyonysius sent a number of magnificent dresses and brilliant diamonds to the daughters of Archidamus, but their father said, "My daughters, I should feel that you were disgraced to be thus splendidly attired when your country is in mourning." Our noble President Davis expressed the sentiment of every patriot when he said, "I feel like taking off my hat and bowing to every lady I see dressed in homespun."

Let every daughter, then, resolve to hoard every dollar of Confederate money, make and wear their own dresses and their winning charms, and the day is not far distant when our country and currency will be redeemed.

Then our noble sons will return home and our daughters adorned with the silks of France and the gems of the ocean, will stand in blushing beauty before the hymenal [sic] altar [sic].

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

The other day we published a letter from a lady in Austin, giving the number of able-bodied young men in the several offices in that city. That letter we intended to commend to our readers at the time, but in our press of work we overlooked it. We would be glad to receive more such letters, and we take this occasion to beg the ladies of our State to follow this example. We say to them that their favors will be thankfully received, and promptly published, and their names withheld, unless, like this patriotic lady, they give us liberty to use their names on proper occasions. We say to them all that the country now requires that their voice shall be heard. Heretofore they have been rendering incalculable service by their silent efforts in the relief of the sick and wounded and in sending supplies to our armies. We almost shudder to think what would have been our condition at this time, but for the relief and encouragement given to our soldiers by the ladies all over the Confederacy. But the time has come when the country now needs all their vast influence to force into the ranks the thousands upon thousands of shirkers of every character and description, for the want of whose presence in our armies, our generals are being compelled to retreat with their depleted forces before the enemy's overwhelming numbers. It is for this reason, and no other, that our country is left exposed to the ravages of the invading Yankee armies. We well know that we have an abundance of men of military age, to drive the enemy out of our country. This is shown beyond all question, by the census. But they have either left the service or have avoided ever going into it; and our country is full of such recruits. Just look at the list given in Austin by our fair correspondent, in only a few offices. But a similar state of things exists here and all over the country. We believe our conscript officer is trying to do his duty, but we fear from what we learn, that he has been ever persuaded to grant some details of able-bodied young men, for light duties. We do not mention this for the purpose of finding fault, for our information may not be altogether correct, but we mention it for the purpose of putting him on his guard against the thousands of plausible pretences that are doubtless being urged upon him. He should remember that there is no man, especially if he has wealth and influence, who cannot bring forward very strong reasons (in appearance at least) why he should not be sent to the army.

But we know of no aid our conscript officers can get in the discharge of their responsible duties, so effectual as that which the ladies can render them, if they will only take the proper course. Let them all agree to do as our fair correspondent has done in this instance. Let them give the number of shirkers in their own respective neighborhoods, not only the able-bodied men filling State and Confederate offices, civil and military, but also those who are shirking behind

some detail, with light, or merely nominal duties to perform, or some contract made for the benefit of the contracting party.

The emergency of the occasion is imperative. The country must be aroused to a deep sense of the impending danger. At this moment we believe the enemy are making their *last* most desperate effort. That is, it will be their last, if we can rally all our forces and meet and defeat them the present spring and summer campaign, as we have done heretofore. We have only to convince the world that we *never can be conquered*, and demonstrate to all that ravaging and laying waste our country is not even a single step towards subjugating our people, and that by abandoning our seaports, we are enabled to strengthen our armies. In short, we have only now to concentrate our forces for the single purpose of meeting and whipping the enemy, effectually in one more campaign. We have often done this, but without the necessary forces to follow up our victories so as to secure beneficial results. Every effort must now be made to bring to bear against the enemy the whole military strength of the country, which has never yet been done.

If we can do this now the war will speedily be at an end, but in order to do it we need the aid of every man and woman in the country. As Col. Carter stated the other night, there is a duty to perform in this struggle by the old men—by even the feeble and infirm—as well as by the ladies, who have already done so much for the cause. It is the duty of those who cannot bear arms to assist in forcing into the army all who are able. It is especially the duty of the ladies to frown upon all young men who ought to be in the army. They should give them no countenance or encouragement at balls, or parties or theatres, or anywhere else. Civilities and ceremonies should now give way to the stern and pressing necessities of our country. We firmly believe the ladies have it in their power to do more in filling up our armies—if they will only exercise their great influence in this direction—than all our laws, civil and military, can accomplish. The country now invokes their aid in this renewed effort to save our liberties.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

Independence, March --, 1865.

Ed. News:--My article on tobacco (hastily written to hand a friend just leaving for Houston) omits points on which I have since been questioned, viz: Time of seeding beds, transplanting, cheapest mode of sheltering, &c. My answers will accord with the usage of Virginia and Carolina. Begin with Spring vegetation, as for garden seed-beds. Prepare and sow succession of beds, that you may have plants of suitable age and size to meet the various seasons and your successive preparations for planting, as do potatoe [sic] slips by a welcome repetition to each drawing. Failing in earlier beds, I once raised a good yield of tobacco, planted from beds sown on the 3d day of May. So the time is much extended where frost sometimes occurs in September. February, March and April beds supply May, June and July plantings. Even the 1<sup>st</sup> of August (with good seasons and a proper, not high, topping,) I have known not too late for a fair yield to be secured in October. As with cabbage,--though not too thick in beds,--tobacco plants often (for want of seasons) become overgrown, and thus crowded, assume a splindling, long-jointed body, with few leaves, long, narrow and large fibre [sic], and of poor yield, which shape no future cultivation can correct—as the plant, so the growth, is a law herbal. Just the right sized and shaped plant will give the most leaf in proportion to the stem and stalk. Long and narrow beds on *constant* water (and if kept as standing beds), underlaid with manure each fall, and lightly reburnt [sic] every Spring, are the best reliance. If heavily brushed, you can thoroughly water (without washing) and hasten sprouting and future growth, to be suspended if danger of over-growth. In burning, the first row should be propped up so that the large or out

ends will alone touch the bed.

The next rows so overlaps (as shingling) that a treble or even heavier covering is made, and thus the moisture and closeness of the bed is preserved, and but little of its surface touched. A leaf flat on the bed often destroys the tender sprout. When the plants shade the bed, remove the brush, that drying air and full sunshine may toughen the plants for the ordeal of transplanting. In a bad season, the process is called *cloding*, viz: the bud with leaves bunched over it, bent northward, with a firm clod laid on it for 3 or 4 days) is often pursued with success. Watering and planting is also sometimes necessitated. For sheltering, common sheds, log-cabins and out houses (if open) with bearing poles (tiers) across in body or roof, placed 6 inches nearer together than length of sticks, and never closer than three feet above each other. The tobacco on separate sticks (after being crowded and yellowed on the scaffold) should not touch while curing or drying, a free ingress and passage of air being desirable. When the stem is fully cured, two or three sticks can be hung on one, and when it is stripped and bundled, the same houses hold six times as much, and thus but little room is required to secure it from the long damp of winter and spring. The rail or pole pen suits the unprepared tobacco grower best, built not on the ground but on a platform elevated over 3 feet. Select a level structure spot; place large sawn 30 feet blocks on end, ranging one way—in distance—to suit length of rails or small poles; the other way 20 or 30 feet to suit length of the large, stiff, straight platform or foundation logs, which are well flattened on each end, and placed steadily on the blocks, and on these blocked up logs, extended continuously (the foundation being well squared) beginning at one end, the first pen is raised as usual. Each pen should be 14, 20, or 25 feet apart, to secure ample interspace or gap, which covered over with roof continuous with that of pens, and with tiers or bearing poles supported by 1<sup>st</sup> and 2d pens.—With the building of each pen you gain much more room by the interspace. The roof should have some slope and be weighted.

The elevation on blocks is so much gained in height of pen, the lowest tobacco being best supported on the platform logs, and they making the best scaffold on which to crowd and yellow the tobacco prior to hanging it thin in the pen above for curing. Also the tobacco is passed under these logs no doors (the main trouble) being needed. These pens can be placed in the yard, under the watch of good old Tray, and the whole structure if desired (the boards and rails if used, being excepted) can make the winter's wood-pile. It is proper I should correct a few material errors (typographical) in my first article, for which my hurried illegible penning is wholly responsible. I place them in parenthesis, or repeat the idea, if more convenient. "Push" (not wash) off brands, ashes," &c. "If hilled or bedded too dry, a heavy rain is required for a season." "Top before it begins to run (not new) up." "Split stalk midway and it will dry and cure (not come) up much sooner." "Put the plants thin (not then) on sticks, secure from rain direct or drifting, and we see, that it is not too much crowded" (not corroded.) I omit some trivial errors preceding these, not calculated to mislead in practice, though obscuring thought and deranging expression, and also a succeeding of similar character; and even so naughty as to inflict the reader with the pseudo-blepsis, and have him dissolving *sights* instead of *sighs* and cares away. Fancy's sketch was thus marred, by my haste to finish with a smoke. And alas! alas! the wayward creature has seized my pen again.

And vows she'll have her fill before I rise,  
Though heart sick grows from smoke deferred,  
And tears overwhelm my eyes,  
and thus indites:

Dear reader, if thou knowst the weed—

Not in Botanic lore I mean—  
 (Though nothing in the flowery mead,  
     Or Flora's realm, is gaudier seen.)  
 But hast thou seen it ground to dust,  
     In tortoise box, with Tonqua bean,  
 When circling mops are in it thrust,  
     Honored alike by maid and Queen?  
 Didst thou e'er take a wee-bit pinch  
     With grand-sire, grand-ma or old chum?  
 And feel drawn to them, inch by inch,  
     Until thou couldst no nigher come?  
 Hast thou e'er seen the social bowl  
     Upon the center-table placed?—  
 (Not that which quaff'd dethrones the soul  
     And makes man never more debased)—  
 I mean the glorious family pipe,  
     For six or eight at once to draw,  
 When friendship, love and joy, all ripe,  
     Puff care away, as 'twere a straw?  
 If thus the King, of weeds thou knowest,  
     Would'st stop the Czar to ask a quid;  
 Or, being Czar, would'st feel thou owest  
     The chew in need, as 'twere God's bid?  
 Dost feel that here all spirits meet?—  
     Parade, and pomp and pride are stuff—  
 As fellows, we'll each other greet;  
     The balance is not worth a puff!  
 If thus thou know'st, evoke Meerchaum;  
     We'll puff each other to the skies!  
 If not, learn not; the Siren's charm  
     Allures the simple, not the wise.

Fancy's freak indulged, and neurine equilibrium duly restored by the luxurious specific, I greet my companion, J. F. W., of Gonzales. The Brazile [sic] and Havana, (noted by you) stand pre-eminent with smokers. Those mentioned by me, viz: either of the three prior—the white stem and Orinoko rank all other chewing. A genuine article (Orinoko seed) can be procured at Burke's seed store, Houston; of A. S. Wright, (Baker's & Ewing's) Brenham, and Wilson & Camp's, in Navasota. I will propose to the cognoscenti of the weed, (and hope J. F. W. will concur,) that, with the close of next All Fool's Day—for 'tis said we are wisest after folly—that we associate together as the "Circle of Charity," with the weed as a badge; its accredited influence (as Heliotrope to sun) always tending towards that Superlative Grace, without which all else is but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, what results might not obtain were we ever and closely to pursue those mellowed, generous reflections of which the weed is more inspiring than Ambrosia e'er could boast.

While puffing, who, with soul so dead,  
 That never to himself hath said—  
 (As smoke rose circling o'er his head)—

"Earth is Vanity's vapid bed!"  
 Whose heart doth not to God-ward tread?  
 Grand cause! on whom all worlds depend!  
 Guard us and love, forgive, befriend;  
 Its fragrance will betoken e'er  
 "Sweet incense" burnt by Priestly seer,  
 But now, sweet savours only, are  
 A votive heart with love and fear,  
 And, as the watching, thoughtful eye  
 Sees wide'ning volumes upward fly,  
 "Our Circle of (sweet) Charity"  
 Should ever thus expanding be.  
 And when, at last, in ashes, must  
 The puffing end—so earthly trust,  
 Alike, is doomed. All was (at erst)  
 Of joy and love—an endless burst  
 In praise to God—till Evil first  
 To trespass Eden's threshold durst,  
 And brought life's woes—of all, the worst  
 That whence he sprang, frail man is cursed,  
 Returning ever—dust to dust.

J.A.D.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

(Duff's) 33d. Tex. Cav. Bee's Brigade.  
 Camp Maxey, Feby. 25<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Mr. Editor:--We arrived at this camp on the 21<sup>st</sup> inst., seventeen days from camp Gano, a distance of 85 miles, being an average of five miles a day, during which time our orders were countermanded four different times, giving us an opportunity of sounding the depth of all the mud holes in and near the Red River bottom, finally bringing up at this the wettest and most boggy blackjack flat in all of Texas.—Our camp is on the bank of Caddo Lake half a mile from the Saline, and distant from Marshall and Jefferson about twenty miles. What the object in coming to this place is no one here knows, unless to await the movements of the enemy and eat Pork and Potatoes. We had Potatoes, large and fine, issued to us yesterday, (an unusual coincidence in our soldier life,) but another reason, "Bringham" says, why we were ordered here is to dismount us, if he is correct, great wisdom and foresight are manifest in the selection of a camp for that particular business, for should any of "the boys" bolt when the order "dismount" is given, their horses will be certain to mire and consequently easily overtaken by the Infantry. It is believed by those who ought to know that no such order will be given, it will be a hard trial for men who have been in the service over three years, furnishing their own horses without compensation, to be put on foot at this particular time, one it is hoped they will not have to undergo. It has been raining constantly since our arrival here, should it continue a few days longer it will be deficient for pedestrians to travel, in fact, the "assembly" is dispersed with, for fear the men when collected together on the soft ground, may "go under."

We have had no mail for the regiment since the 6<sup>th</sup> of January, but are indebted to Mr. Loughery, of the "Marshall Republican" for a number of papers given us as the command passed. They were a great treat and have been eagerly sought after throughout the regiment.

The peace rumors seem to have "played out," as was intimated in my last.

Judge Mills' letter has had the effect to bring out very general expression on the subject of which he speaks, and there is scarcely a difference of opinion among the people in this part of the country. All agree that if emancipation should ever be necessary to secure our independence, the sacrifice [sic] will cheerfully be made, but only in case such necessity should exist of which few pretend to know. The largest planters are ready for the sacrifice if required to get rid of Yankee rule. But Lincoln domination over the South—annihilation would be much preferable.

Yours,

Lance Corporal.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

Seeds in Season.—Cabbage, Lettuce, Brocoli [sic], Asparagus, Artichoke, Cauliflower, Onions, Parsnip, Cantalope [sic], Nutmeg Melon, Citron Melon, Muskmelon, Pumpkin, Kershaw [sic], Tomato, Squash, Cucumber, Parsley, Egg Plant, Raddish [sic], Beans and Peas of every variety.

James Burke.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1863, p. 3, c. 7

### Indian Fight—Official Report.

Camp Colorado, Jan. 30, 1865.

Col. J. B. Barry:--In obedience to your orders I arrived at Fort Chadbourne the last days of December, with fifty men from this battalion. We were there joined by Lieutenants Brook, Carpenter and Giddings, with sixty men from the Frontier Regiment; also by Capt. Covington, with seventeen men, and Lieut. Mullins, of Brown county, with thirty militia. We waited near Fort Chadbourne two days for Capt. Totten's command of militia, of three hundred men. On the 3d of January we set out, up the Colorado, to find the Indian trail; the next day we arrived at the Indian camp on the Colorado. There was at that camp one hundred and fifteen wigwams, and a short distance further up the river another large camp. There being no grass on the Colorado, we concluded to follow on the trail to grass and water. The Indians had left this camp some two weeks before. Ten miles from the Colorado we passed another large Indian camp, and at night came to another camp, on the North Concho. Twenty miles further, on the Concho, we counted one hundred and fifty wigwams—the Indians had left this camp about one week before our arrival. We waited there two days, sending spies on ahead. On the morning of the 7<sup>th</sup> our spies returned, having discovered the Indians at their camps on a small creek running into the South Concho, on the south side. Capt. Totten's command had not been heard from. We despaired of their joining us—supposing they had followed another large trail reported above. We therefore concluded to proceed and attack the camps at daylight the next morning, with the force we had. We halted about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, some twelve miles from the camp. Got dinner and put our arms in readiness.

During the evening, Lieut. \_\_\_\_\_ and others (spies) were sent ahead to spy out their camps and report before night; and as we were about starting towards the enemy's camps, Captains Gillentine and Barnes came up, informing us that Capt. Totten, with his command, was not more than fifteen miles behind. It was believed that he could reach us in time to make the attack on the camps at day-break, and he was sent for; but he was further behind than was supposed, and did not arrive, to assist in making the attack, until 9 o'clock, A.M. The horses of Capt. Totten's command being jaded, it was arranged that he should attack the camp with his



men dismounted; that the troops under my command should cut off the Indian's [sic] horses and try to intercept all parties of Indians rushing from them, or trying to scatter from the camps. The Indians' camps were in a large thicket, accessible only by a few narrow paths—well fortified by nature.

Capt. Totten rushed in bravely, with many of his command. For an hour the fight was furious and bloody. The men had possession of the camps, and the contest seemed about decided, but the Indians, scattering through the brush, continued firing, with but little chance of returning the shot; the men discouraged by seeing their comrades shot down by a foe it was almost impossible to reach, gave way, and retired a short distance down the creek. Afterwards there was, occasionally, skirmishing between them and the Indians.

The confederate troops under my command, with Capt. Covington's and Lieut. Morton's companies of militia, at the outset took possession of the Indians' horses which were about the camps.

During the fight at the camps with Captain Totten's command, we had constant skirmishing with the Indians, who were eager for their horses; parties of them were continually attacking us; but the men resisted them bravely, killing a number and driving the rest back into the thickets.

When the fighting had ceased the Indians pressed us most furiously and in large numbers for their horses. We fought them five hours, sometimes giving ground and again driving them back into the thickets. They fought us with the best of guns and ammunition (much superior to ours;) they tried to fight us at long range. Our boys often charged them bravely, and having the best horses, frequently cut them off and killing them. The Indians succeeded in getting a part of their horses at the close of the fight. Some two hours before night the Indians had all retired into the thicket. All the officers in the fight acquitted themselves honorably, and many of the soldiers fought with courage. Armed with shot guns and common rifles they often fought at great disadvantage. Of the Confederate troops there was seven killed; Lieut. Giddings, a fine and worthy officer, was mortally wounded, and ten others severely wounded. Twenty-three Indians are known to have been killed; their loss must have been thirty.

In the militia fourteen men were killed, including Captains Barnes and Culers. Capt. Gillentine, a most brave and energetic Indian fighter, was mortally wounded; fifteen other men were wounded, many of them severely. In the fight the frontier has lost many whose places cannot be easily filled. It is the general opinion that in the fight with the militia from sixty to seventy-five Indians were killed. For two nights after the battle our forces camped together three miles from the battleground, where we had left our packs on the morning of the fight. We intended to go back, bury the dead and renew the fight if the Indians could be found, but the night after the fight there came fifteen inches of snow, our provisions had given out, our horses were perishing, and there seemed no alternative but to seek the settlements. Arriving at the settlements at the mouth of the Concho, Capt. Totten went back with about twenty-five men to look after the movements of the Indians. It is supposed there was four to six hundred warriors. One of the Indians killed was a Potawotomie, having a pass from the Potawotamie Agency in Kansas. There was a few white men with them. Their object, no doubt, was to depredate upon the settlements.

I am your obedient servant,

Henry Forsett,  
Captain Commanding Scouts.

P.S.—Our total loss, from what we can learn, is 21 killed and 26 wounded—5 of the

wounded have since died. Captain Totten has returned and reports that our men that were killed were not scalped. He found only 17 of the dead, and of these one of them had his head cut off and stuck upon a pole. He could not find any dead Indians. The Indians left under cover of the night and in great haste. The lowest estimate I can make of the loss of the Indians, is 83. They carried off their dead. We got 16 scalps outside of the thicket.

H.F.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

A letter dated Matamoros, February 25<sup>th</sup>, says: "Goods are daily falling in this market. I can buy the best brass-wire sieves at \$4.50 per dozen; best Sprague and Philip Allen prints, 20 cents; best twilled brown linen, very many and fine for pants, 37½ cents per yard; cotton cards, \$10 per dozen; Quinine, best French, \$3 per ounce; best glove kid ladies gaiters, \$24 dozen. I have filled a bill at these prices.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 1, c. 7

#### The Festival Near Shreveport.

Editor News—Before this reaches you doubtless you will receive full particulars of the grand festival and barbecue near Shreveport on the 18<sup>th</sup> of February, given by the citizens of Caddo parish in honor of Walker's old division, now commanded by Gen. Forney. I shall not attempt to give an account of the proceedings on that occasion, but by your permission will relate an incident that occurred, which shows how strong a hold Major General Walker has upon the affections of that division. Colonel Hubbard, in a speech, in a passing remark happened to mention the name of Gen. Walker. Immediately there arose a loud, long, deafening huzza for Walker from the members of that division. For some moments the speaker had to pause, not being able to make himself heard. These troops are devotedly attached to their old commander. I remarked to them, "Boys, I presume you would like to see Gen. Walker passed along about this time." "Yes," said they, "we would. We would be glad to see even his old white horse."

I could but think it a great pity that any condition in our affairs should make it necessary to relieve any officer from the command of troops who are so devotedly attached to him.

Spectator.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Austin, March 9, 1865.

Ed. News:--There is a report in circulation here, of sundry depredations having been committed by Jayhawkers, on the citizens residing in San Gabriel and Williamson counties.

Report says that several houses were robbed, and one man suspended by the neck until he was nearly dead, to make him disclose the place he had concealed his money. His wife, to save the life of her husband, told them where the money was, which they secured, and then left.

We understand that Col. Baird, commanding the post, has sent a company of McCord's regiment up to arrest or run these robbers out of the country. . .

Homo.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

Mr. Tucker, of Company B, Terry Rangers, who for a long time was confined in Rock

Island prison, made his escape a short time since, and arrived in this city Friday last. He left the following Rangers in the prison, all in good health. Stewart and Wallace, Co. A; Yerby, Webb, Bennett and Cannon, Co. B; D. L. Russell, Co. C; R. T. Hall, Miller and Smith, Co. D; Wallace, Co. E; Molton, Co. F; Childress, Walker and McAnderson, Co. G; Hershfield, Cox and Albertson, Co. H; Hall and Bunting, Co. I; J. W. S. Emerson, Co. K.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

We have received a circular prospectus by the author of "A Campaign from Santa Fe," &c., in which the same writer proposes publishing "A History of the War in the Trans-Mississippi Department." The writer will be assisted in his compilation by many others who have participated in the campaigns of this Department, and contributions are solicited from all who are in possession of information appropriate to such a work.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

We have had the pleasure of meeting an old Galvestonian, Mr. J. P. Gilles, of whom it may be said emphatically, that he has done his duty in this war. He is now just from Richmond, which place he left January 28<sup>th</sup>, and arrived here Saturday last. This is his first return home since he left as a member of the Lone Star Rifles, August 1<sup>st</sup>, 1861. During this long period he has been in all the battles near Richmond, with but one exception; has been wounded five times in four battles, one of his wounds taking off his left arm. He is now honorably retired from the service. The Texas brigade to which he belongs, is now commanded by Col. Bass. Mr. Gilles has handed us the proceedings and resolutions adopted by the Texas brigade just before he left. We give them in this paper. Every Texian must feel a commendable pride in reading these noble sentiments. These are the men who have commanded the applause and admiration of our greatest Generals by their heroic achievements on so many battle fields, and made the name of a Texas soldier a terror to the enemy. These are the men who have fought till they have lost three-fourths of their original numbers, who have experienced all the hardships and privations of war, and yet are just as determined and confident of the triumph of our righteous cause, as when the war first commenced. O, that we could have the same invincible spirit at home that comes to us from the army.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 5

#### Adventures of Messrs. Penny and Griffith.

We have been kindly furnished by Mr. Penny, at our request, the following account of his adventures from the time of his leaving California until his arrival in Texas:

I had for some time determined to start for the Confederate States, but was deterred for want of means and remained in business at Sacramento until I could accumulate a sufficient amount. The Southerners in California are all in favor of the South, but the system of espionage there is so complete that a man dare not express a secession sympathy. In the beginning of the war it was different, and secession flags were not unfrequently displayed in the large cities. The Yankees, however, have organized their forces in the State, and have things their own way. In company with a young companion, W. H. Griffith, I quietly left Sacramento and went to San Francisco just in time to take the Panama steamer. Had our destination been known, we would have been stopped and perhaps incarcerated. We left San Francisco on the 23d of June, 1864,

and arrived in New York on the 14<sup>th</sup> of July. Off the coast of the Carolinas we were chased by the Tallahassee. She had gained on us very rapidly, and was but a few miles distant when we went down to dinner, and "Griff" and I congratulated ourselves that by the time our meal was concluded we would be in the hands of our friends. To our disappointment, however, the Confederate cruiser changed her course and bore down on a large ship then in sight, and darkness soon coming on, our vessel escaped. From a report of the Captain of the Tallahassee that we afterwards saw, he captured on that day a ship and a brig. Had he continued the chase the steamer we were on would have been captured, and with her a million and a half of silver bullion on board. I saw myself two express wagons loaded with solid silver bricks. We remained in New York about eight days, and during that time I went into the Northern part of the State to look for some relatives that I had been told lived there, but found that all the male members of the family had gone over into Canada to escape the 500,000 draft that had been ordered at that time. We were informed that there were thousands of refugees in Canada, to escape the draft, and wherever we went we found the people bitterly opposed to its operation. In fact we were led to believe that the Northern people are getting tired of the war. In many places we saw women working in the field. The men either were in the army or had run off to escape the draft, and labor was getting scarce. In New York one entire park was shingled over and converted into a vast recruiting office, and the most enormous bounties were offered for recruits. On one placard that I noticed, the Federal, State, and Municipal bounties together exceeded one thousand dollars, and yet the work seemed to drag on very slowly. I noticed but few enlistments.

To a stranger New York looks lively and business-like, but citizens informed me that her trade and business were immeasurably less than before the war. Intending to work our way into the Confederacy through Kentucky and cross into the Trans-Mississippi, where Judge Terry's Regiment was, we went from New York to Cleveland, Ohio by railroad. At Cleveland we stopped to get supper, but had not more than taken our seats at the table of the principal hotel, when two buck negroes deliberately seated themselves opposite. This was too much for our Southern raising and we left the table in great disgust and got a meal at a restaurant, but still saw negroes at the tables. Cleveland is a perfect abolition hole and ought to be swept from the face of the earth. We passed through Cincinnati, took a steamboat a mile or two below Louisville, Kentucky, and went to Bradenburg. From there we walked 12 miles to Gatesville and found ourselves surrounded by Yankee detectives. These fellows are generally the scum of their race, and make it a point to approach strangers in seductive guise and worm from them if possible their history and designs. We had been cautioned against them and were generally on the alert. From thence we took the stage to Hardinsburg and found when we reached there that we were not allowed to proceed further. Both that place and Gatesville had been lately attacked by Guerrillas and they were then expecting another raid. We returned to Gatesville, took the stage back to Louisville and from thence to Pittsburg Pa., by cars. The Yanks were busily fortifying Pittsburg. Early was at that time coming up the valley and Pittsburg was thought to be in great danger. We then went by railroad to Greensburg Pa., and met numerous refugees fleeing from the anticipated Confederate invasion. For fear that it would be considered a suspicious circumstance, our going South while everybody else was fleeing from thence; we left the cars and took the stage to Somerset. Here we found a great deal of excitement. A Yankee officer was trying vainly to raise a volunteer company to resist the invasion. He had a large quantity of new arms, and after having made a "spread eagle" speech to the crowd, asked them to step forward and take up arms in their country's defence [sic]; but not a man responded and he left in huge disgust. Waiting for conveyance we staid [sic] in Somerset two days and then went to

Bedford. We found this a considerable watering place and resorted to by many people from Maryland and Pennsylvania.

While enjoying ourselves there for a few days and making the acquaintance of some Southern sympathisers [sic], we were arrested by a detective on the charge of being spies, and committed to jail by a Justice of the Peace. I made an affidavit, that I had not been in the Confederate Service since the war, and was compelled to telegraph to California for testimony to substantiate the affidavit. When the reply came, we were immediately released, but had remained in jail eight days. In the mean time the Confederate forces had recrossed into Virginia. The expense of telegraphing and lawyers fees exhausted our money, and I pawned a gold watch and chain, that had cost me a hundred dollars in California, for thirty dollars, and started for Hagerstown, Maryland via Harrisonburg and Carlyle. At Hagerstown we had been directed to a certain house, where lived three young ladies who had assisted a great many Southerners across the Potomac. We made ourselves known to them and explained our wishes. They immediately responded, and in the course of the next day had organized a fishing excursion to the river some ten miles distant. In a light wagon with two fishing poles sticking out behind, we started in fine style. On reaching the river, what was our consternation to find a line of yankee pickets. We went back to Hagerstown, and after undergoing many adventures in our attempts to cross, finally took the stage through Williamsburg, and forded the river near that place. We were asked by the Yankee guard for our passes, but the examination was carelessly made, and while the other passengers were producing their papers, we passed on over a bridge that spans a creek at the entrance of the town, and were asked no questions. We left the stage at a certain house this side of the Potomac, to which we were directed and made our way by cow paths through the woods, into the Confederate lines. We went to Winchester and attached ourselves temporarily to Gilmer's battalion of Marylanders—were in the battle of Winchester and Fisher's Hill—operated a short time with some partisan rangers and went on a raid with Mosby into Maryland.

Being anxious however to reach Judge Terry's command, we reported ourselves to Major Boyce, the Provost Marshal at Gordonsville and got a pass from him to go to Richmond and report to the Chief of Police. We arrived in Richmond early in January and made a written statement, which was presented by Gen. Baylor, one of the Texas Representatives, to the Secretary of war, and by him our case was referred to the Bureau of conscription. There we were informed that we could only get transportation by enlisting. We did so and received transportation to Texas with orders to report to Judge Terry. We remained in Richmond some time. Found the prices of every thing very high, but the people all in good spirits and seemingly united. Flour for instance was selling at \$800 per barrel in new issue. We sold our horses and pistols, the proceeds of one of our partisan ranger forays, and started from Richmond on the 20<sup>th</sup> of January crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsberg Landing—walked from Jackson, Mississippi, to Alexandria, Louisiana, most of the time in mud and water, and arrived in Houston on the 14<sup>th</sup> of March. Our valises, containing our clothing, we left in storage in Louisville, Kentucky, and paid the storekeeper one year's storage in advance. Very questionable if we ever see them again.

We started from California with about \$2000, and with what we had raised by various means on the route, we arrived in Jackson, Mississippi, without a dollar. From that point we trusted to luck, and sometimes fared badly. In the stage from Alexandria we were most kindly treated by a naval officer, who insisted on paying for our meals whenever we would allow him. In that portion of Virginia, which we have never attempted to defend, and which was being constantly overrun by the enemy, the spirit of the people is unbroken. A Confederate soldier is

always welcomed, and seldom charged more than a dollar in Confederate money for a meal. One occasion I particularly recollect. We staid all night at the house of an old man, who gave us supper and breakfast, and fed three horses, and then apologized on account of the difficulty of procuring supplies, for charging us three dollars in Confederate money. In fact, I noticed that this feeling was general in the whole Cis-Mississippi Department. As soon as we crossed the river, I noticed that soldiers were charged fifteen and twenty dollars a meal, and that the tone of the people generally is nothing like so good as it is on the other side of the river. We leave Houston to-day for Hempstead, to report to Judge Terry, who, we are told, is at that place, and so ends our trip."

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### Charging Soldiers

Fairfield, Freestone Co., Texas,  
March 10, 1865.

Ed. News:--On or about the 18<sup>th</sup> of February, 1865, my son, William P. Henderson, who is a soldier in the 7<sup>th</sup> Texas regiment of infantry, (and has been ever since the 24<sup>th</sup> of September, 1861,) got a furlough to leave his command for 90 [?] days; he crossed the Mississippi River, and walked the most of the way to get home, when becoming wearied, he thought he would get on the stage at Henderson, Texas, a distance of about 37 miles, for which he paid one hundred dollars to the mail contractor on the route alluded to. The contractor demanded of him the money, and he paid it in new issue. I am responsible for the above.

James M. Henderson.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 3, c. 5

Camp Texas Brigade,  
January 24, 1865.

At a meeting of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas and Third Arkansas regiments, composing the "Texas Brigade," of Field's division, Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

On motion of Sergeant-Major J. H. Leete, First Texas regiment, Private B. S. Fitzgerald, company I, Fifth Texas, was chosen chairman, and, on motion of Private W. H. Burges, company D, Fourth Texas, Lieutenant Haywood Brahan, company F, Fourth Texas, was appointed secretary.

Lieutenant Brahan, upon being called upon, explained the object of the meeting in a few brief and appropriate remarks.

On motion of Private W. H. Burges, company D, Fourth Texas, a committee of five from each regiment of the brigade was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting.

The following is the committee, as appointed by the Chairman, viz:

Sergeant-Major S. H. Leete, Sergeant F. M. \_\_\_\_ company H, J. P. \_\_\_\_ company I, W. A. Shelton, company L; Private J. T. Clark, company E, First Texas. Private W. H. Burges, company D; D. A. Todd, company B; F. D. Williams, company E; William Morris, company F; Sergeant W. M. Baines, company G, Fourth Texas. Lieutenant B. T. Fuller, company A; Sergeant M. A. J. Evans, company E; Sergeant T. F. Meese, company K; Private Thomas

Hayme, company H; Private H. C. Shea, company F, Fifth Texas regiment, Assistant Surgeon C. H. A. Kienschildtz, Captain A. C. Jones, company G; Captain W. H. Harrison, company E; Private J. H. Goldsby, company K; Private R. W. O'Conner, company F, Third Arkansas.

The committee then retired to consider the preparation of resolutions. During the recess, the meeting was agreeably and pleasantly entertained by eloquent and patriotic speeches from Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Winkler and Private T. D. Williams, Fourth Texas. At the close of Private William's remarks, the committee, through its chairman, Sergeant-Major J. H. Leete, reported the following preamble and resolutions, which, on motion of Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Winkler, were unanimously adopted by the meeting:

"Whereas, we have seen, with feelings of sadness, the clouds of gloom and despondency that have recently gathered in the sky of our young nation, but which are now, happily, being dispelled by returning confidence, we, the army, who are the people, and the people, who are the country, deem it not inappropriate, but fit and proper, that we should, in a meeting composed of the "Texas Brigade," comprising the First, Fourth, Fifth Texas and Third Ark. Regiments, make known to our fellow-soldiers, to our country, to the enemy, and to world, our purpose and determination to maintain, at all hazards and to the last extremity, the rights and liberties which a merciful God has been pleased to bestow upon us, and ever to contend for a perpetual separation from the hated and despised foe, who have murdered our grey-haired men, insulted our women and children, and turned out thousands of helpless families to starve, after robbing them and burning their houses, leaving them destitute of all except their honor. Therefore be it

1. "*Resolved*, That before the commencement of this great struggle for our rights and liberties, we considered well the causes and consequences for which we were about to take up arms; that our cause was just, and that no sacrifice was so great that it could not be made in defence [sic] of such a cause; that we have gone boldly forward now for nearly four years, and our determination has not abated, but increased, having had a clearer view of the character of the brutal foe with whom we contend, and gained from experience in close contact with them. Certainly no one can be so blind and stupid as not to agree with us, that the warning was of inspiration, and that was the auspicious time to strike for our rights; and that we are fully determined to go forward as we have done, and, if need be, to renew our pledge of devotion to our country; and that we will rid ourselves of the tyranny the enemy would thrust upon us, or die in the attempt.

2. "*Resolved*, That whilst we are battling in a cause the most sacred, for Liberty and Independence, against a people so base, treacherous and despised, that language fails us to properly portray our detestation of them, we cannot be indifferent lookers-on at those in our country who would divide and distract the counsels of the nation, and tear down the present able and patriotic Administration, and, at the same time, give aid and comfort to the enemy. To politicians and demagogues, newspaper editors, men in and out of positions, croakers and *those who are firing in the rear*, and those who pull down while we build up, we warn you that there is a point beyond which you cannot go with impunity; that nothing will deter us from the prosecution of our purpose, whether it be our open enemy in the front, or the hidden and less respectable enemy in our midst; for the latter of whom we take this opportunity to express our most hearty scorn and contempt.

3. "*Resolved*, That, after calmly considering the present situation of affairs in the Confederate States, we can see little cause, if any, for losing confidence in our final success; but, on the contrary, much on which to congratulate ourselves. In the beginning of the war—four years ago—we were a peaceful, unwarlike people, following quietly our ordinary avocations,

totally unused and uneducated to warfare. Our men were to be organized, the material and appliances with which we have so often routed the enemy had to be made from the crude state; and now let the world say, if we have not accomplished much. That there is much yet to be done we admit, and declare ourselves prepared to undertake it. Let us look back to Manassas, the first and second, Gaines' Farm, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, and hundreds of other fields, where Confederates have shown a heroism almost unequaled in all past ages; and let us take new courage, if any have grown weary. We may also admit that the enemy have large armies, but it is the Babel of modern times, in which is represented the African, shoulder to shoulder with his brother—the Yankee—who sells himself for a bounty and deserts, and sells himself again; the man with the brogue so rich; the avaricious Hessian; and the dungeons of Europe are largely represented. If it is not possible that such a heterogeneous mass can be united in one common object. Whilst we, on the contrary, are a unit in our resolution of purpose to be free and independent of those who would kill eight millions of whites, or enslave them, in order to give a pretended freedom to half that number of African negroes. Let us go bravely on. Peace must come sooner or later, and with it our independence. Our final triumph is certain and inevitable, and our subjugation an impossibility.

5. "*Resolved*, That in President Davis—the wise, patriotic and good Chief Magistrate—we repose the most perfect respect and confidence, tendering him our warmest sympathies and co-operation in his onerous duties and responsibilities resting upon him.

6. "*Resolved*, That for Gen. Robert E. Lee—the great soldier, father and friend of the army—we have the love and veneration that dutiful children should owe their father; that we will always follow wherever he may direct, and assure him, at all times, of our hearty support and co-operation.

7. "*Resolved*, That we invite all organizations in the armies of the Confederate States to come forward and show to the world, by an expression of their sentiments, their unalterable purpose and determination to conquer an honorable peace.

8. "*Resolved*, That the Secretary furnish a copy of these resolutions, and the proceedings of this meeting, to each of the newspapers published in Richmond, Virginia; and that the newspapers in Texas and Arkansas, and all others friendly to the cause, be requested to copy; also that a copy be sent to President Davis, General R. E. Lee, the Texas and Arkansas Senators and Representatives in Congress, and to the Governors of Texas and Arkansas."

Private W. H. Burges, Fourth Texas, and Captain A. C. Jones, Third Arkansas, being called upon, addressed the meeting in an appropriate eloquent and patriotic style. Their speeches were received with great applause and enthusiasm.

On motion of Lieutenant Colonel Winkler, Fourth Texas regiment, the meeting adjourned.

B. S. Fitzgerald, Chairman.

Haywood Brahan, Secretary.

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From the Texas Rangers—Casualties.

Field and Staff—Lieut. Col. Gustave Cook, twice in leg, slight; Capt. W. R. Jarmon, in leg, slight; Color Guard, S. C. McBroom, Corporal, in breast, slight.

Co. A—Thos. Owens, in leg, severe; Thos. Prewitt, in hand, slight; D. Moser, Fielder and



Jones, slightly wounded.

Co. B—Serg'ts E. A. Herndon, in arm, severe; J. P. Burkhart, in leg, slight; Privates J. P. Harris, in arm, severe; J. W. Wiggins, in arm, severe; A. Haynes, slightly wounded.

Co. C—Isham Davis.

Co. D—J. S. Wegin, P. R. Kennedy, D. D. Nunn, killed; P. J. Waskins, in arm, severe; and J. P. McArthur, in shoulder, slight.

Co. E—First Lieut. W. R. Friend, in shoulder, severe; Private T. S. Ritchie, mortally wounded; Serg't J. T. Hays, slightly wounded.

Co. F—Private T. Bennett, in head, slight.

Co. G—Private Thos. Barry, in chest, severe.

Co. H—Serg't Addie Moore, killed; Privates John Fowler, in leg, severe; John Ryan, in head, severe; J. H. Brown, in shoulder twice, slight; A. J. Adams, in arm, severe; John Fisher, in leg, slight.

Co. K—First Lieut. J. W. Haskell, killed; Private David Muckle, killed; Private A. W. Proctor, slightly wounded.

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The Texas Brigade.—From the Richmond Whig of the 12<sup>th</sup> January, we clip the following splendid tribute to "Hood's Texas Brigade." We say Hood's, because best known by that name, and because there is another Texas Brigade east of the Mississippi, which has become almost as celebrated, if not quite. We refer to Granburry's [sic] Brigade of Pat Cleburne's Division.—San Antonio Herald.

An Example.—The Texas Brigade are as noble and generous as they are gallant and brave.

With a spirit of self-denial which does them all honor, they unanimously voted their splendid New Year's dinner to the distressed families of their brother soldiers in Richmond.

This gallant band of heroes have been four hours absent from their far off prairie homes. They entered the service of Virginia with over three thousand five hundred muskets; they now number only four hundred. Upon their tattered and war-worn colors are inscribed the names of "West Point, Seen Pines, Gaines' Mills, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania C. H., Chaffin's Farm and Darbytown." It was at one of the great battles last spring, when at one moment of the day it seemed lost, that General Lee spurred his horse forward to the head of the Texas Brigade. "Men," he said, "your General calls upon you to decide the fate of the day; he will lead you to the charge;" but a shout went forth from those noble men for the great chieftain to retire. "Tell us," said they, "where you would have us go, and what you would have us do, and we will go and do it if we all die; but your life is of too much importance to your country to be risked here. We will not move an inch unless you retire." With tears in his eyes brought forth by the manifestation of love and affection from his trusty troops, General Lee retired. The brigade, with a yell, did make the charge, through one, two and even three lines of battle; they left over half of their number killed and wounded on the field, but the day and their plighted word to their beloved Commander-in-Chief was saved.

The name of every man belonging to this "legion of honor" should be historic. Its commanders, Wigfall, Hood, Robertson, Gregg and Bass, with those of its thousands of gallant privates, are names which are and will be forever synonymous with bravery and daring the wide world over. They have willingly and fearlessly dared the dangers of every field in Virginia; they

have offered an hundred times to shed their last drop of life's blood in her defence [sic]; they now surrender their crust to the widows and orphans of their noble Virginia comrades. God bless them.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

Mr. Warren Adams returned from Richmond, Va., on Wednesday. We are indebted to him for files of Southern papers, which, though not late, are such as we have not before seen, and from them we shall be able to give our readers many interesting extracts. He brought back some letters, but not as many as usual, on account of the general derangement of the mails. These letters have been mailed to their proper destinations. He left Brandon on the 2d inst., and crossed the Mississippi on the 5<sup>th</sup>, but was delayed at the Neches, where he had to leave his horse and hire a boat. He was also delayed by impassable streams on the other side, but encountered no other trouble. He met with no Yankees anywhere. . . .

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 2, c. 4

The following article is from the Freeman's Champion. A reform is needed and our municipal or military authorities cannot set about it too soon.

The Negroes of Houston.—Every traveller [sic] who has passed through this city, cannot fail to have noticed the demoralized manners of our darkies. We see them in nearly all the groceries, and are disgusted with the airs the scoundrels put on. White ladies are forced to turn to one side of the pavements to allow the "gemmem ob color" to pass, or they would be crowded into the gutters. They are allowed to have their balls and parties weekly, and the public protect them at these licentious gatherings.—Reader, have you ever noticed the manner in which the black population dress! Have you ever noticed the profusion of jewelry and silk dresses the wenches wear? Have you noticed the gold watches and chains the bucks adorn themselves with, then compare their appearance to the worthy white mechanic, or his family? You hear daily of robberies and thefts being perpetrated in this city, some of you lay all this upon our brave soldiery, and many a brave and gallant command has been defamed and charged with rascalities perpetrated by these black scoundrels. Some men allow their darkies to hire their own time, and the scamp is as free as though he were in Boston, and he contaminates and puts devilry into the heads of steady and faithful servants. Nearly all the free negroes captured on the Harriet Lane, Sachem, Clifton, Granite City and Wave, have been allowed to mix in with our faithful servants, and to demoralize them by telling them of the greatness and glory of "massa Lincoln." We see the same free skunks acting as body servants to many of our officials in this department. Why is this? What right have officials to take this privilege? But some will say, "you have no right, sir, to question our military men about these matters," and try to silence us on the ground that we dare not find fault with officials. But here they find themselves mistaken. We claim to be free men. We have stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks with our brave comrades and assisted in beating back the haughty invader, and now are we to come down and kiss the big toe of officials, and fear to speak the truth? No, never, our aim is for our country's good. Her cause is our cause, her people our people, her soldiers our brothers, and we shall never hesitate to lash without any mercy in spite of the consequences, any and every infringement upon the rights of the people. We demand that some reform be made concerning the darkies of Houston. Every good citizen demands this, and we know our worthy Mayor will take some steps to reform this crying evil.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

A New Paper.—We were unexpectedly greeted yesterday morning with a new paper, called "The Freeman's Champion," and edited by "Sioux." Everybody knows Sioux, or ought to, for he has been writing excellent articles for the Telegraph for the last two or three years, and, previously, correspondent for the News, while in the army. No man has seen more of the country, for he has been constantly going, and there are few things worthy of note that escape his observation. When he sees a wrong perpetrated, or a public duty neglected, he is not afraid to speak of it.

He declares himself the soldier's friend, and we hope and believe he will be able to render the soldier essential service, as, in fact, he has done on many occasions through the columns of other papers. We predict that the "Freeman's Champion," under his management, will be a valuable journal. The first number contains many good articles, which we have not time now to notice, but intend to do so. Sioux is opposed to a military man for Governor. In this, we think, the soldiers will not agree with him.

We would also prefer a civilian, if equally well qualified, because we do not want to take a valuable man from the army when such men are now so much needed. We hope Sioux will bring out the right man for the time.

Sioux says he will publish as often as his means will permit. That is a very prudent promise in these times, but we hope he will meet with support sufficient to enable him to issue at least once a week. He has a good article on the negroes of Houston, and we hope it will be read by all our slaveholders.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 3, c. 6

An Inquiry made of Mr. John Tucker.

Fayette Co., Texas, March 23, 1865.

Ed. News:--Having seen a statement in the Tri-Weekly Telegraph, of the 20<sup>th</sup> inst., of the arrival of Mr. John Tucker, of the Terry Rangers, who had made his escape from Rock Island, etc.; and having heard that G. J. Slack, of Fayette county, Co. A, 5<sup>th</sup> T.M.V., is there; and as he has been missing for the last fourteen or fifteen months, without any reliable information of his whereabouts, I think perhaps that Mr. Tucker can give us some information. Will you request him, through your Tri-Weekly paper, to give the names of all the Texians who are in Rock Island prison, and, more particularly, if he knows anything of the said George J. Slack? By request of the wife and friends of Geo. J. Slack.

Yours, C.J.E.G.

P.S. We cannot learn Mr. Tucker's Post-office; if we could, we would have written directly to him for the desired information of Geo. J. Slack, and would not have troubled you with this request.

C.J.E.G.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

The frontier correspondent of the State Gazette says:

"He says the Indians are worse at this time in the counties of Jack, Palo Pinto, and Erath, than they have ever been before, and that settlers are moving lower down all the time, leaving their settlements and stock behind them."

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

The Confederate Journal of Tyler, edited by Col. G. W. Chilton, published the explanatory letter of Major C. S. West respecting his letter to Mr. Raymond, and says: "It is a manly and truthful statement to the facts connected with the letter referred to, which entirely exonerates Maj. West from the imputation of entertaining any wish to dismember Texas from the destiny of her sister States of the Confederacy. Maj. West is a native of South Carolina, and an original and zealous advocate of the doctrine of State rights. We have known him long and intimately, and feel sure that he entertains no sentiment which is not prompted by the highest and purest spirit of patriotism."

The Journal publishes the proceedings of a meeting in Tyler, at which resolutions were adopted unanimously to the effect that all the tythe-corn of Smith and adjoining counties had been consumed, and that unless the Federal prison-camp be removed, suffering must ensue before this year's crop can be gathered. The meeting, therefore resolved to request Gen. E. K. Smith to have said camp removed to a point where provisions are more abundant, and it was suggested that a suitable place may be found between the Trinity and Brazos rivers, some 75 miles from Tyler.

Speaking of the nomination of Gen. McCulloch for Governor, the Tyler Journal says: We do not believe that General McCulloch would be willing to engage in the scramble, which is likely to ensue, for the office. Indeed we should regret to see him leave his present field of usefulness for any other."

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 5, 1865, p. 1, c. 7

[From the Mobile News.]  
Gen. Cleburne.

A member of the staff of the lamented Maj. Gen. Cleburne, writing from Columbia, Tenn., to a friend, gives the following account of his burial:

"I had his remains brought to this place, and buried at Ashwood, six miles distant, the private grave-yard of the Polk family. I met with great kindness from the people here in the performance of my sad duty. His coffin was strewn with flowers by the ladies, and the following beautiful lines written by Miss H., were sealed upon it:

"Fare thee well, departed chieftain!  
Erin's land sends forth a wail;  
And oh! my country sad laments thee,  
Passed too soon through death's dark vale.

"Blow ye breezes soft on him,  
Fan his brow with gentle breath,  
Disturb ye not his peaceful slumber,  
Cleburne sleeps the sleep of death!

"Rest thee, Cleburne, tears of sadness  
Flow from hearts thou'st nobly won,  
Memory ne'er will cease to cherish  
Deeds of glory thou hast done."

Columbia, Tenn., Dec. 2, 1864.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 5, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

Mr. John B. Tucker informs the Telegraph that the prisoners at Rock Island are very badly treated, their rations being of the most miserable character and scanty at that. He says they are fed on rats and dogs. Their clothing is nearly as bad.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 5, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

#### Great Disaster at San Antonio.

Mr. George, of the firm of George & Davidson, arrived on Saturday night, direct from San Antonio. He gives us the following brief account of a great inundation of that city on Sunday night, the 26<sup>th</sup> ult.: Up to about sunset of the 26<sup>th</sup> it had been raining very moderately, and the ground had become thoroughly saturated, but at that hour, or near dark, the rain began to pour down in torrents, and at 9 o'clock the river had risen till a large part of the city was overflowed, and the houses situated near the river and in the lower parts of the city were nearly covered. Some twenty-five dwellings and stores were swept away or destroyed; and, when Mr. George left, it was ascertained that some ten or twelve lives had been lost.

Mr. George is not able to give us the names of those who perished in the flood. He says the scene presented was most distressing. The darkness was only relieved by the glare of torch lights that were used by the inhabitants, to save themselves and families from the flood that was rapidly filling their dwellings. Ropes were thrown to many who were unable to save themselves without assistance. As Mr. George left the day after this dreadful disaster, the losses of lives and property had not then been fully ascertained.

Col. Giddings was one of the principle sufferers. His dwelling house was nearly destroyed together with the furniture and a large amount of goods. Most of the buildings were made of adobies [sic], and the effect of the water was to dissolve the clay till the walls fell in. A large amount of government property was lost, particularly in the commissary store house.

Nearly all the cellars in the city were filled with water. The water was three feet higher than in the great overflow last spring.

Such an overflow as this has never been known before, or heard of by the oldest inhabitants.

The mail was left at Columbus. When it reaches here we may obtain further particulars.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 5, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

We have been so long accustomed to more than ordinary activity on the streets, that when we look around now, we cannot help observe the contrast. Business of all classes appears to be dull, money is stringent, and buyers are few, almost to the entire exclusion of the retail business. This is very natural, for communication with our city is almost an impossibility, especially is it the case with the Louisiana trade. Not only must they be getting short of supplies, but our merchants feel the effects of that branch of business. We hope soon to be able to announce a renewal of activity and thrift on our streets. Indeed we heartily wish it, for such a woe-be-gone class of individuals as our merchants appear to be, could hardly be found in any other city this side of Richmond.

It is barely possible that some of our merchants may be tempted to join the army in order to find something to do.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 5, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

We learn from late advices that affairs on the South-western frontier are very unsettled. A spirit of lawlessness is prevailing which, if not speedily checked, will, it is feared, break out in an open rupture. The civil law is almost a dead letter, for the want of power to enforce it, the military force not being disposed to aid the civil authorities in enforcing the laws. Gangs of men passing through the country are in the habit of helping themselves to what they please without let or hindrance.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 5, 1865, p. 4, c. 4

We are pleased to learn that J. W. S. Emerson, for several years preceding the war a resident of this city, who became a member of Terry's Texas Rangers at the organization of the regiment and was with them constantly until his capture by the enemy on 29<sup>th</sup> of October, 1863, and from the 26<sup>th</sup> of December, 1863, until the 3d of December, 1864, was confined at Rock Island prison, made his escape from there, on the night of the last named date, and is now safe outside the limits of the United States, and will return home by the first favorable opportunity. Five others, who attempted to escape the succeeding night, were recaptured and placed in irons.

The following names are all he can recollect of those still detained in prison. He thinks there were altogether in prison of the 8<sup>th</sup> Texas cavalry about 24 of the 11<sup>th</sup> Texas about 30 and several from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Texas:

From Terry's Texas Rangers—Jo. Walker, Co. G; P. S. Molton, Co. F; J. H. Wallace, J. F. Steward, Co. A; Joseph W. Yerby, Chas. S. Bennett, \_\_\_\_\_ Cannon, Wm. R. Webb, Co. B; Daniel L. Russell, Co. C; R. T. Hill, \_\_\_\_\_ Smith, Co. D; R. M. Wallace, Co. E; Polk, Childress, McAndrews, Co. G; Arthur Hushfield, Albertson; W. W. Cox, Co. H; J. F. Hall, Bunting, Co. I.

From 14<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry.—Bynum, Raulin, Evans, Sanford, Smith, Lattimon, Burke, Beckam.

From 4<sup>th</sup> Texas.—M. H. Allis, of Gonzales.

From 5<sup>th</sup> Texas.—Campbell and Tweed.

From 24<sup>th</sup> Texas.—Ben. F. King.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 5, 1865, p. 4, c. 5

Brownsville, March 24, 1865.

Mr. Editor:--Not long ago a speech was published calling upon the ladies to hold meetings and pass resolutions not to receive the attentions of a certain class of men. Since, I have noticed (but not read through) one or two communications from ladies. Lately, a man rarely makes a speech without extolling the patriotism of the ladies and referring to "the noble sacrifices they have made during our struggle for liberty." Do men suppose sensible women will accept such a mass of flattery? Allow me to tell you that the female croakers are as numerous as the male croakers. If some ladies possessed the power, President Davis' nose would have been wrung long ago!

Three classes of ladies deserve as much censure as any of the shirkers.

The first class may be found among the "soldiers' wives." A few of this respectable denomination deem the magical appellation, "soldier's wives," an exemption from all earthly accountabilities; nor would it be surprising to hear of their using the expression as an entrance

word into the "Better Land."

The second class counterfeit a show of patriotism. Their names head contribution lists. They get up entertainments, visit hospitals, in a word, engage in every condescending, charitable undertaking gotten up for the benefit of the *poor* soldiers. The prompting motives are various. Some are prompted by a desire of introducing themselves and daughters to the magnates of the land; some by a desire to get their husbands an appointment.

The third class have no greater ideas of patriotism than a pig! No matter who rules nor who fights, if their wants are gratified and they are allowed uninterrupted indolence.—Such need no comment. Many women have sacrifices, being urged by necessity or avarice. True also, there are many who are actuated by proper motives. Women of the South, don't be deceived into believing that you have done your whole duty. You have not. But few of us have manifested that self-sacrificing nobleness and patriotism so bombastically accredited to us. I call upon you to examine your hearts. See how many good deeds you have done without personal aim. Young ladies, think of the [hole in paper] you have lavished on your dresses to dazzler the eyes of a few brainless officers! When you condescended to appear on a public stage, did you sacrifice your dignity for the sake of the bleeding private, or to gain the adulation of a few flattering golden calves? Kind matrons, did you give the poor soldier a good dinner, and, in the mean time, play the agreeable through motives of patriotism, or that your husband might get a good horse trade from him. Avaricious dame, did you give the private a few eggs and a pint of buttermilk, because you loved him, or through patriotic motives, or to keep him from robbing your hen roost. Alas! much of this show is like the painted sepulchre [sic]. Patriotism is not a virtue that will expire in song and smoke. Get up no bombastic meetings, make no grandiloquent resolutions. When you do, you exceed the bounds of woman. Be truly christian women, relieving the destitute without ostentation, and you will serve y our country, without departing from your proper sphere.

Everalline.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 12, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

We are requested by the Post Mistress at Sweet Home, Lavaca county, to say that a Concert and Tableaux vivant will be given at the Methodist Church in that place, on the 11<sup>th</sup> inst., for the benefit of the soldiers.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 12, 1865, p. 2, c. 6

Morals in Memphis—Official Recognition  
and Regulation of Prostitution.

City Medical Inspection Department,  
Mayor's Office, Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 30, '64.

[Private Circular.]

All wonten [sic] of the town, in the city of Memphis and vicinity, whether living in boarding houses, singly, or as kept mistresses, are notified that they must hereafter be registered and make out weekly certificates.

Women who can show that they are living privately with a responsible citizen of good

character will be exempted from the weekly medical inspections by calling weekly between 4 and 5 o'clock P.M., at the Mayor's office, and paying the regular hospital fee. No woman residing in a boarding house will be registered as a kept woman.

All other than such kept women, whether practicing prostitution regularly or occasionally, be ordered to call on the city medical inspector at the private office, second story over the confectionary store on the corner of Main and Union streets, entrance through the store, or at No. 21 Union street, on any afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock, before the 10<sup>th</sup> of October, and receive a medical certificate, for which two dollars and ninety cents will be charged.

Or, women can receive the medical certificate at their homes by requesting the medical inspector to visit them, and paying one dollar for the visit. A note directed to lock box 201, Post office, giving the street and number, will be attended to.

On receiving the medical certificate, a ticket and registry must be called for personally at the Mayor's office, for which ten dollars will be charged.

The money received goes to the support of the private female wards in the new city hospital on the corner of Exchange street and Front Row, into which registered women are admitted at any time for any disease upon showing their weekly certificate, are afforded all the privacy and comfort of a home, and nursed by an experienced matron and female nurses, free from any cost or charge whatever.

Street walking, soliciting, stopping or talking with men on the streets; buggy or horseback riding for pleasure through the city in daylight; wearing a showy, flash or immodest dress in public; any language or conduct which attracts attention; visiting the public squares, the New Memphis Theater, or other resort of ladies, are prohibited and forbidden.

Good conduct will insure relief from detective or police visits, exposure or loss, and a violation of the orders will inevitably incur punishment.

Any woman of the town, public or private, found in the city or vicinity after the 10<sup>th</sup> day of October, 1864, without her certificate of registry and medical or exemption certificate, will be arrested by the police and punished.

This circular is intended for the information of the women only, and must not be shown or given to men.

By order of the Mayor,  
John B. Gray, Register.  
City Medical Insp. Department.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 12, 1865, p. 3, c. 2

A Noble Virginia Mother.—A correspondent of the South Carolinian sends the following to that paper:

Messrs. Editors:--During my imprisonment at Point Lookout, I obtained the annexed letter, written by a mother (a lady of Virginia) to her son—a fellow-prisoner—a few days prior to his capture. It has never been my good fortune to peruse a more patriotic and inspiring effusion from the pen of any one. While evincing every solicitude of the mother's heart, still it urges a steadfast pursuit of duty; and portrays that Christian spirit that actuated the Spartan mother, who exclaimed: "Come with it, or on it, from the field." It is as follows:

My Boy:--Your country is invaded by the ruthless foe. His step is near your door. The home of your birth is threatened. All that you hold most dear is endangered. Go and lend your help to drive him from your once happy land. A mother's prayer will ascend on high daily and nightly, that God will shield you from the hand of the enemy, and give you his all-sustaining grace to brave, with Christian fortitude, the hardships you may be called on to endure. Be firm—



be strong—trust in the Lord, and He will bring you off more than conqueror. My son, do not swerve from duty, but, at the same time, be not rash. Take care of yourself as far as lieth in your power, and, if you should fall, I will bear all, if you can but exclaim in the last conflict: "I am not afraid to die." Go in peace, my dear one, I feel that God will be with you. My last words are, do not forget to pray. Be not ashamed of Christ, and He will not be ashamed of you when He maketh up His jewels.

Life is short at best. Soon, very soon, if we prove faithful, we shall meet where the cruel foe cannot mar our happiness and sever our union. God bless you!

Your Mother.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 12, 1865, p. 3, c. 7

### The Great Flood.

San Antonio, March 31, 1865.

Dear News:--Believing that your readers will be interested in hearing of the great disaster that has befallen many of the citizens of our city, I embrace the opportunity of sending you a hasty pencil sketch.

At about 4 P.M., last Sunday, dark threatening clouds were seen gathering in the Northwest; frequent and vivid flashes of lightning, with now and then rumbling peals of heavy thunder were also heard in the same quarter. In the course of an hour these sombre [sic] looking clouds swept around more to the North, where they hung dark and ominous. About this time, say 5 o'clock P.M., clouds of a similar character had gathered in huge masses and overspread the North-eastern Heavens, and seemed to be rolling to the front in grand battle array towards their fellow clouds parted in the North. The darkness came on with rapid pace, I remarked to friends present that a heavy storm was brewing. The wind had been blowing gently in short gusts from the South—now it almost died away—a solemn stillness reigned; it was that ominous silence which so often precedes the gathering storm. Suddenly the wind sprang up from the North, like a foe in ambush. The atmosphere which but a moment before was almost sultry, all at once became chilled. The wind whistled and howled through the tree tops. The two sets of clouds had rolled and mingled together like the giant parts of two mighty armies in the death grapple. A few vivid flashes of lightning; a few heavy peals of crashing thunder; soon large scattering drops of rain accompanied with hailstones and powerful gusts of wind, indicated that the war of elements had commenced in alarming earnest. The rain poured down in mad blinding sheets of water, mingled with hail and strong Northern blasts.

"The lightning's red glare, painted hell on the sky!" while the roar of Heaven's artillery kept time to the terrible storm.

Such a flood of rain and hail, as poured down upon the quiet inhabitants of the San Antonio valley, on that holy Sabbath evening and night; has not been witnessed since the year 1820.

It was a perfect deluge of [fold in paper], when the clouds began to break away. Long before this hour, however, hundreds of our citizens had been turned out of doors, and several had been drowned. Large fine houses had been washed down by the rapid rise and overflow of the river; they had been swept away as if constructed of corn-cobs. White men and women had climbed trees to save their lives. Women, with little children in their arms, had struggled through seas of water, to find dry land and a shelter from the storm—shrieks and screams pierced

the air—the elements raged overhead, while a seeming ocean of angry waters went rushing over the earth.—I have never seen just such a sight before, and hope I may never have to behold it again. The next morning revealed the desolation made by the flood. House after house had been washed down, and their fragments and contents, scattered along the banks of the river for miles.—Valuable furniture reduced to a perfect wreck—bedding, bedclothes, and clothing in promiscuous profusion—trees torn up by the roots and washed away. Bridges and fences had disappeared in the twinkling of an eye—beautiful yards and gardens had been shorn of their shrubbery, and vegetables receiving in return nothing but thick deposits of black mud. Persons who had comfortable happy homes only the evening before, now beheld a mass of ruins.

The water was twenty-six inches higher than the great rise of last June. It is ascertained that not less than twenty dwellings have been washed away, besides a large number of other out buildings.

The damage to property of all descriptions, can hardly be calculated; it is certainly very great. The storm was one that will long be remembered in the Alamo City. The quantity of rain which fell at the head of the river, and upon the Alamo, is supposed to be even greater than that which fell in the city. Three bodies have already been recovered—more are yet reported missing. Mr. Joseph Anderson's mill, six miles below the city, was completely destroyed. The San Antonio powder works were seriously damaged. Truly yours,

Alamo.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 12, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

We call attention to Dr. Gilbert's Prospectus for a new weekly paper in this city. Dr. G. has been extensively and favorably known to the public by his valuable contributions to the Telegraph, over the signature of "H. P." or "High Private." Our readers will at once infer from the Prospectus, that the "Texas Weekly Record" will not be a mere transcript of the general news, but will be a "peculiar" and original paper and as such will serve to give an agreeable variety to the very limited journalism of the State. "H. P." has our best wishes for the success of his new enterprise.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 1, c. 2

March 29, 1865.

W. Richardson:--Sir:--Permit an old friend of your valuable paper to drop you a few lines to let you know how things are being done in Northwestern Texas. . . .

My husband and brothers have been in the service nearly ever since the war began, and I have had as hard a time as most soldier's wives, and yet I do not complain, I set this down as my rule at the start, to do all in my power for our glorious country, and the needy soldiers that I have fed and furnished in clothing and blankets gratis, can best tell if I have deviated from my rule. I told my husband when he volunteered, that the last goods we purchased in a store averaged, calico 15 cents per yard; domestic 8 cents; shoes \$1.25, &c, and that I never intended to buy any more goods until we gained our independence, or until I could buy them at the same prices in Confederate money. With the help of my son, 12 years old, my daughter and myself, we plow and make my own support for a family of seven, and this year I hope to have something to spare to the government in the way of bread for our army; and if every one would follow the same rule that I do, there would not be near so many on the indigent list, and would not be cursed with deserters in our midst. If my husband, dear as he is to me, was so lost to the honor that fills the breast of every true Southerner, as to desert his post, I would disown him, and sue for a

divorce and petition the Legislature to change the names of my children so that they would not have to bear the name of a deserter.

Secession.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 1, c. 7

### Proposed Prayer Meetings.

Galveston, April 10, 1865.

At a meeting of the Army Church of this Garrison, it was moved and adopted that we set apart the hour between 10 and 11 o'clock of each and every Saturday morning, as a time of a general prayer meeting, the object of which is to solemnly invoke the blessings of Almighty God upon the cause in which we are now engaged as a people, and that we request our soldiers and citizens throughout the country to unite their petitions with ours, humbly and reverently addressed to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, that He may continue to smile upon us in our righteous endeavors to secure our independence and peace.

That we respectfully ask a publication of this resolution in the Army Messenger, and all of our Houston papers.

H. M. Glass,

April 14, 1865.

Acting Post Chaplain, Galveston.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Gonzales County, March 5, 1865.

Ed. News:--It is rather a difficult matter to give directions for extemporizing machinery for the manufacture of tobacco, and describe the process, and at the same time, make oneself fully understood. Ocular demonstration alone will subserve this end. Preparations for manufacturing tobacco in good style, would be attended with too much trouble and expense at this time, and hence my reasons for making at home, all the necessary preparations for "putting it up" in a second rate manner.

1<sup>st</sup>. The "prize" or compressing power may be made by cutting a large mortise through a medium size tree, 10 or 12 inches in length and about 6 in diameter; then take 15 or 20 feet of a small tree, and cut a tenon on the butt end that will fit loosely in this mortise; this will serve for your "prize."

2d. Have a strong box made, and well braced by clasps on all its sides, one of which must be left without being nailed on, and underneath your lever, near the tree, make a firm platform for the box to sit on.

3d. Have your tobacco in "good case;" stem it, and make into rolls two inches in thickness, and equal in length to the width of the box. This rolling process I can't describe, so as to be fully comprehended. Most men will have no difficulty about it, I presume. Next, expose your rolls to the sun until they are dry enough to compress without crumbling; then put them into the box, each layer as close as possible, and across one another, until the box is filled, then put in the head of the box, and let the weight of the lever upon it, by means of blocks under the lever, and suspend weight to the end of the lever, until the rolls are reduced to one-fifth of their original thickness. Then take out the tobacco, and grease each plug with a flannel cloth saturated with sweet oil. In manufacturer's parlance, this is called "pressing," and if a very thin, smooth piece of plank were placed between each layer, they would add much to the smoothness of the "plugs." Now, nail the remaining side of the box, put in the tobacco as before, (I am presuming

enough has been already "pressed" to fill your box) leaving out the thin planks, if used, and again put on your weight until the plugs are about one-sixth or seventh of their original thickness. Nail in the head and the work is done.

I should have remarked that tobacco may be sweetened when desired, by dissolving sugar or liquorice [sic], and sprinkling well the leaf before it is "stemmed." The liquorice [sic] must be dissolved over a slow fire. Much sweetening blackens tobacco, and causes a tendency to mould.

If these directions are closely followed, and your tobacco prove deficient, you may attribute the defects to the inferiority of the article used, as no "fine" tobacco can be raised in a country where but little dew falls during the season for ripening. Heavy dews give weight and richness to tobacco, and the flavor is produced by successful firing or curing.

J. F. W.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

We invite our lady readers to peruse the article from one of their own sex, under the caption, "What more can the women do?"—We think the suggestions deserve their attention. It is for them to decide whether Southern ladies shall abandon their homes, in order to relieve and carry consolation to the sick and wounded soldiers of our country, now suffering in hospitals. Aside from that peculiar adaptation of the female mind to perceive and provide for the wants of the sick, and which renders them the best of nurses, the very presence of a female by the side of the suffering soldier, never fails to have a soothing and encouraging effect upon the mind, and every well informed physician knows how readily the mind acts upon the physical system. At this moment there are thousands of Confederate soldiers lingering in hospitals who would give all they possess on earth to have their wants kindly enquired after, and supplied by some female attendant by their bed side. Can any one doubt that many thousands of our poor soldiers have suffered and gone to their long homes for the want of such nursing? Home, with all its endearing associations, is constantly in the thoughts of the poor wounded soldier, while suffering far remote from his friends and relatives; and to many the painful reflection, that they have no kind friend to care for them, is even more agonizing than their physical sufferings. Nature has constituted woman to supply this want, to an extent far beyond the power of any physician, or any male attendant. The question is: Does the emergency of our country require that the women of the South should now offer their invaluable services for the relief our sick and suffering soldiers? It is for our patriotic ladies to determine and answer this question.

We believe no measure has been or can be devised, so well calculated to inspire renewed enthusiasm in our army, as the one proposed, showing our soldiers that the women of the South are willing to make such sacrifices for their welfare.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 3, c. 2

Nick of the Woods.—This exciting drama has been played during the week at the Houston Theatre with marked success and was received with enthusiastic approbation by audiences composed of the very *elite* of the city. The play was admirably put on the stage and notwithstanding the *contre-temps* which invariable attends the first production of a piece of complicated action—was rendered in a manner highly creditable to all concerned. We understand that the management intend to follow up the scenes by the production of such other novelties as are suitable to the strength of the company and the taste of the public, of which we believe that "The Corsican Brothers" and the "Last day of Pompeii" will shortly be announced. The "Nick of the Woods" will be repeated to night and we hope to see another crowded house.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 3, c. 2

We have received from the San Antonio Herald Office, two of the first books of the series of Elementary School Books being published by the "Herald Publishing Company." One of these is a reprint of Noah Webster's Spelling Book, and its perusal reminds us of our earliest school days, when Webster's Spelling Book was in the hands of every school child. We doubt whether there has been much improvement made on it since. This re-print is neatly executed. "The Texas Primer" is intended for the youngest children, and is interspersed with appropriate cuts. We believe the publishers make no professions of originality, but they appear to show good judgment in the adaptation of their selections to Southern Schools.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 3, c. 4

Squire Smoothly's 28<sup>th</sup> Letter.

His observations on the Great Freshet, and his ideas in regard to the Subsistence and Police of the country—Mrs. Kincaid has been a heroine in the Storm, and now favors us with an original poem.

Brushy Fork of Sandies, April 6<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Ed. News:--Compliments and greeting being understood, I take pen in hand to write you these.

The high waters has stopped the mails and one a power of damage, and such another freshet haint been in these parts, since I first settled, now thirty years gone. It hath pleased the Lord to visit us with a mighty flood, fences has been washed away, and whole fields kivered knee deep in sand, and some places, houses gone and gardens destroyed, and fowls and small stock drowned, and things wrecked—ridiculous. But these are trifles when we think of poor lone weemin and thar childring swept suddent to thar death, and one mother and her two little ones fills one grave, and they was lost over on the ten mile Colette, but I have no heart to write about it, and you will see all in the newspapers.

The ways of Providence are mysterious, but what sayeth the Book—See Job. "For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven, to make the weight of the winds, and he weigheth the waters by measure, when He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of thunder." "And unto man he said, behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." And such visitations is necessary, or they wouldn't be sent, for we know "He doth not willingly afflict the children of men." And my prayer for all is that we may duly consider to continue in the fear of the Lord, and depart from all evil—Amen.

In regard to public affairs, it may be fittin that by the means of your newspaper, our rulers be informed of the condition of things in this section, of haply a remedy may be found for much evil. Now the trouble is the whole men force of the country is gone, and the Reserve Core taken the last, except old men and cripples, and sickly and the like, and seems hundreds of soldiers has broke loose from their commands, and is now rampagin around, a helpin of themselves to what they want and the weemin afeard to refuse them, and no eend to robbin and horse stealin; and when men oncet gives in to desert thar duty, no tellin whar to stop. And, again, the takin of the Reserve Core has left many destitute and no protection, and now the storm has destroyed the

corn and fences gone, hits hard on the families. The weemen could make a shift a pitchin of a crap with broke animals, but when it comes to maulin of rails, and ropein and breakin of horses and cattle on the parary, the weemin are clean beat, and old men and childring no better. Now, it seems to all, that thars already more men in our Texas army than is doin of any good, and the officers cant control them they got, much less feed and provide for them like men ought to get it, and no force left in the country to arrest evil doers and put down onmannerly conduct.

Some contends that the big river planters will make enough to feed all; and free to admit their liberality has been beyond praise, but, friends and brethering, see what you do—hits mighty hard on them that has been raised to make thar own living, beholden to none, to be dependent on strangers for their bread, and oncet you broke down the self-respect and independence of the people, see to it, or mayhap you got a population of paupers on your hands for time to come.

Let our statesmen and generals consider this matter, and ef thars a remedy, let it be applied in time. What sayeth the proverb, "A prudent man forseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished." And ef my idee are wrong, and hits necessary to the good cause to send all into camps, at the least people will be better reconciled, and bar all in faith and patience, being satisfied the rulers were informed, and knowin of the facts, was actin for the best.

Business on the farm being very urgent at this time, and all to do and small force to do it, I am onable to discuss other pints, but now the subject is broke, I hope others that has leisure may be induced to give thar idee.

Mrs. Kincaid her and Jasper acted well in the storm, and the bay mare she swims powerfull, and onder Providence thars some owes thar lives to Sarey Kincaid and that animal, but she forbids me and wont let me say no more, and she has wrote poetry about it; and I dont consate myself a judge of such, but can onderstand it every word, which is a great adantage in the readin of poetry. So I will close these few lines with a copy of the poetry, which all hopes to see it in your newspaper. With best regards, yours to command,

Jasper Smoothly.

The Reserve Corps.  
By S. Jane Kincaid.

On Sunday night, of March the last,  
There came a storm, thank God it's past,  
The lightnings flashed, the thunders roared,  
The driving rains, a deluge poured,  
And women weep, and babes deplore  
Our absent men, the Reserve Corps—  
Oh! come again, our well tried men,  
Our trusty friends, the Reserve Corps.

'Twas sorry sight on Monday morn,  
Where lately peeped the tender corn,  
A desert waste of drifted sand,  
And cattle drowned defile the land,  
The fences gone, the teams dead poor,  
Who'll now keep hunger from the door?

Oh! come again, our well tried men,  
Our trusty friends, the Reserve Corps.

We scarce had time the wreck to view,  
When gathering clouds our fears renew—  
The Tuesday night again it poured,  
The lighnings flashed, the thunders warred,  
And midnight horrors chilled our blood,  
As piercing rose o'er roaring flood,  
O'er thunders loud and crashing wood  
The helpless shriek of fell despair,  
High shrill and wild upon the air,  
As drowning mother sought to save  
Her infant from a watery grave,  
As swift the flood to death it bore,  
No arms to save, no Reserve Corps—  
Oh, come again, our well tried men,  
Our trusty friends, the Reserve Corps.

On Brush Fork, and far out West,  
No woman now lies down to rest,  
But fears harass of storm and flood,  
Or straggler armed, dark men of blood,  
Who take at will our little store  
No man at home to keep the door,  
All absent now, the Reserve Corps,  
Oh, come again, our well tried men,  
Our trusty men, the Reserve Corps.

You ladies soft, who sit at ease,  
Your only task yourselves to please,  
Just think of those on Brushy Fork,  
Whom day but calls to care and work,  
Pray drive the youngsters to the field,  
And leave the wife her trust and shield—  
'Gainst skulking idlers close your door,  
And fathers to their babes restore,  
And send us back our Reserve Corps,  
Oh, let's have again our well tried men,  
Our trusty friends, the Reserve Corps.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 3, c. 5

What More can the Women Do?

Ed. News:--In this, our day of need, when our country calls for aid—even the aid of our slaves—cannot the women of the South do something? Must we be content with knitting a few socks and attending to our domestic duties, clothing those of our own household—surely commendable employment—but have not good women before and since the days of Solomon done the same? Our country must, and by the help of God, shall be free from Yankee domination! She is now bleeding at every pore. Can we not aid in binding up her wounds? Yes, women though we be, weak and timid as the women of the South proverbially are, when there is real danger and real need, we can show ourselves both strong and brave. You may ask what more can our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters do for our armies than they have done? Have they not given parties, concerts, tableaux and suppers, and sent clothing and money to our soldiers and hospitals? Have then not held up the finger of scorn at the shirkers from duty, and the "healthy, young men in offices which might be filled by the aged and infirm?"

My countrywomen, had we not better first cast the beam out of our own eyes, that we may see clearly to pull the mote out of our brother's eyes? Are there no Florence Nightingales in the South? I shudder to think of the thousands of soldiers who have died since this war commenced for want of woman's gentle care. Let our Surgeons be assisted by the noble women and the faithful slaves of the South, and how many thousands of able men who are now lounging around our hospitals might be sent into the field. "Ordered to the hospital" falls now on the ears of our poor, suffering soldiers like the knell of death. How different would be their feelings if assured of finding there gentle hands and soft words, reminding them of home, of peace, purity and Heaven! It is true, woman's duties bind her to her home—mothers should not leave their children—many deplore their inability to do something for their country; many are free, ready and willing, if they only had the way pointed out. Women are timid and too often require a guide in an untrodden path of duty. One more united and vigorous effort and we will be free—go where duty calls—think not what you shall eat or what you shall wear. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." You will not be forgotten by those who pray for the sick, wounded and imprisoned soldiers. Would that I were gifted with melting, burning words, I would not rest until I had infused into the heart of every man, woman and child in our Confederacy a spirit of hatred and *eternal resistance* to Yankee cupidity and tyranny. Yes, I repeat, we will be free, but we are required first to give up our idols, and to acknowledge the just chastisement of a jealous God.

M.

Austin, Texas, April 10<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 3, c. 7

Galveston, April 15, 1865.

Ed. News:--We have had neither a blockade runner, flag of truce boat, or an underground dispatch, for some four days—so that there is nothing (not contraband) in the way of news for the "News." . . . Outside of naval and military circles, Galveston is still comparatively dull. The market is fully supplied with goods, but money is not abundant, and people only buy such things as they need. We have numerous schools—a dozen at least—and there are many pupils.

The churches are kept open regularly and are largely attended. The health of both soldiers and citizens is good. Although our dwellings no longer receive their former annual adornment of paint, nature has been bountiful in her supply of chrystal [sic] water, and the trees, shrubs and flowering plants have put on an array to which that of Solomon in all his glory was nothing. As gentle Spring soon obliterates the ravages of winter, so peace must shortly efface



those of war, in Texas, at least, where the recuperative energies of the people, like those of nature, are more powerful than those of older countries.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 4, c. 5

Editor of News:--Last Thursday some eight or ten wagons, from Cypress settlement, Harris county, on their way home from Houston, were attacked, near Cypress Depot, by some soldiers of Gould's and Hardeman's command. Many of these men were on their way up the country to take their horses home, others were deserters going the same way. The first wagon they attacked was that of an aged widow lady, Mrs. Hirsh, a mother of seven children; they presented a knife and pistol to her breast and demanded her money—"Spare my life," she cried, "and I will give you all," and she handed to them all she had. The next wagon was that of Mrs. Rhats, an aged widow lady. After being treated in the same manner, and after she handed them her money, the scoundrels searched even her clothes for some more. Then a few old men were treated in the same way, and lastly, Mr. Zahn, of the 2d Texas regiment—himself a poor soldier—he, alas, fared no better! The robbers belonged to Red River county, and our people would do well to be on their guard against such men, and never go to market without guns or six-shooters.

It is hard to tell what will come next. Our German settlers have at all times been liberal and friendly to soldiers. Of late these midnight prowlers and deserters have abused them very much, sometimes from four to seven men stopping at one house, and all without pay, where the farmer had to buy his corn. Our people desire to know whether they are obliged to feed in this manner any deserter who comes along, *without papers*. If our farmers keep on feeding them, they have an easy road to travel, and we hope Gen. Magruder will do something for us in this line.

P.A.M.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 4, c. 5

Savannah and Its Surroundings.—Savannah is surrounded on all sides by the most beautiful scenery. A Cincinnati Commercial correspondent, describing it, asserts that the word Savannah dials the whole face of the surrounding country, and the city itself reminds one of the scenery and grandeur and romance of Italy. The correspondent writes of the city:

In the piping days of peace—and in those days there were statistics—its population numbered thirty thousand souls; but to day not more than two-thirds of that number could be mustered in or out.

No city in the rebellion has contributed more lavishly to the support of a wicked war; and, as the fruits thereof, is more humiliated, or humble, or sad. On the street, at church, or in the drawing-room, nearly every lady you meet is dressed in black—love's sackcloth and ashes for the lost! The penitence of a thief, who has been caught stealing sheep, and sentenced to the penitentiary for his shame, is even more respectable than the long faces and sorrowful mien worn by the male inhabitants, "the noble chivalry of the South!" And the little children (Heaven bless 'em!) do honor to their royal blood by singing the beautiful Southern stanza:

"Jeff Davis rides a very fine horse,  
And Lincoln rides a mule;  
Jeff Davis is a gentleman,  
And Lincoln is a fool!"

The city plot is as remarkable as the effect of it is enchanting. The streets run parallel

throughout the length and breadth of the city, and on every street there is a perfect square, with its little park, enclosed with iron railings. When the trees put on their robes of spring, and the flowers open to the light of its sun, these parks become fragrant bowers, full of singing birds and of floral offerings. There are thirty of these parks or squares in the city.

South Broad street in Savannah is the most beautiful, with its four rows of sycamores and live oaks and magnolias, and its lawn of green in the center. Bull street is the most fashionable, as it is the one which leads to Forsyth Place; and the monuments, and the many churches are on that street—a fact that the young ladies do not forget when they promenade. Jones street is the most aristocratic, as far as private residences and elegant surroundings are concerned, and no doubt it represents as much wealth as any other. Bay street is the avenue of business in the city, and where the cotton merchants had their well finished counting rooms and warehouses. It runs parallel with the river, and commands splendid views in South Carolina. The whole city is imported; the manufacture of mechanics and merchants from the North and the old world. It has a town clock, an organized fire department, and is not without gas light. The public buildings, the warehouses, the depots, and many of the private residences, will compare with those of New York or Washington.

Though there are other beauties distinguishing the city above all others of the South, among those that have a peculiar charm are the cemeteries. All have equal claims, but we have room for description of only two.

West of the city, and the receptacle of its dead, is the Laurel Grove Cemetery. It is a holy place; beautiful in its wealth of living trees and blooming flowers, and there are many honored graves within its pale. Among them is the tomb of Re. Dr. Neuville, a celebrated Episcopal minister of Christ Church; Hon. John M. Berrien, a member of Jackson's Cabinet and a United States Senator from Georgia; Judge Robert M. Charleton, at one time Judge of the Supreme Court, and a member of the Senate at Washington, and many other men illustrious in their day. And there is a handsome monument erected over the remains of Gen. Francis S. Barrow, of Savannah, who was killed at the first battle of Manassas, and brought home for burial. A brave man, no doubt he was, and chivalric he may have been; but now that he fills a traitor's grave, it ought to be so marked, if marked at all.

About four miles from Savannah, on the Vernon river, lying east of the city, Bonaventure Cemetery, the most weird place I ever visited. It includes ten acres of land; is overgrown with live oak, the limbs of which are hung with Spanish moss; and the drooping evergreens, murmuring river, and grand, gloomy and peculiar surroundings combine to make Bonaventure the most irretrievably dismal spot in the world. It was formerly owned by the Tatnall family, relatives of Commodore Tatnall, of the rebel navy, and is now the property of Mr. W. M. Witberger, of Savannah.

In Montgomery Square, and where the lamented nobleman fell, there is a beautiful monument erected to the memory of County Pulaski, of the revolution. The stone is the purest Italian marble, and the inscriptions thereon are appropriate and classical.

In Johnson Square there is a monument erected to the memory of Gen. Nathaniel Green. Both of these monuments are enclosed with iron railing, and their corner stones were laid by Lafayette on the 21<sup>st</sup> day of March, 1825, while he was on a visit to the city. Ornamental and instructive as they are, no rude hand should deface the monument or do aught to mar the consecrated rest of the illustrious dead.

Gonzales Co., Texas, March 25, 1865.

Ed. News:--Having given you directions for raising tobacco plants, it may not be unprofitable, at this time, to go a step farther, and give you directions for cultivating and curing the staple.

If you wish to raise an article of mild quality, not too coarse and strong for home use, select, if practical, a tolerably thin soil, (new land greatly to be preferred,) and after having thoroughly broken it up, lay it off into rows four feet apart, and have your tobacco hills made upon these furrows at a distance of three and a half feet. The hills should be about one-half the size of potato hills, free from clods, leaves &c. Bear in mind that sandy land will not suit for tobacco; I need not stop to give reasons. Any time during the latter part of April or the month of May, when your hills are damp enough, and the larger leaves of your plants have attained a diameter of two inches, you may transplant, taking care not to press the earth too hard around the plants, thereby causing it (the earth) to "bake." Cover the plants with a small quantity of moss, leaves or grass, which will insure them to live. No further cultivation is necessary, until your plants are fifteen or eighteen inches in height and contain from fourteen to sixteen leaves, at which time you will skim off the surface of the hills and pull off from two to four of the leaves of all plants containing the number above mentioned, and pluck out the bud, leaving not more than eight or ten leaves. This is called "topping," which should be continued until every plant is topped, save those retained for producing seed. Keep your tobacco clear of weeds and grass with the hoe, and when the large green tobacco worms make their appearance, have them destroyed every three or four days. When your plants get *well ripe*, which may be known by the deep yellow, spotted and brittle appearance they assume, have them cut. This is done by splitting the stalk six or eight inches down, and then by cutting off near the ground. Let the tobacco lie where it is cut until it is well wilted, when it must be collected and hung upon sticks five or six feet in length; these sticks are then hung close together upon a scaffold just high enough to allow the tips of the tobacco leaves to touch the grass or weeds on the ground. Here the tobacco should hang until it attains a deep yellow color. This usually requires from four to seven days for ripe tobacco, longer for green.

Presuming that not enough tobacco will be raised by any one to justify curing it after the manner most approved in Virginia or North Carolina, I shall not trouble you with any account of that process; but suppose our Texas tobacco will be cured by the sun, and if so, it should be exposed to the sun by degrees, allowing the points of the leaves to dry first; this should be done slowly and gradually by separating it on the scaffold; it will require not less than two weeks to cure it well. There is danger of drying out all the essential properties of the weed, thus leaving it like much we see little better than chaff. When your tobacco is cured, leaf and stem, hang it carefully under a shelter, and there let it remain until it gets into case, at which time have the leaves stripped from the stalk, and then, it will be better to take the stem out of the leaf, as this prevents the latent sap, from leaving the stem and falling back into the leaf, thus greatly injuring it.

Your tobacco is now in using or manufacturing condition, but as I fear this article is already tedious, I must defer saying any thing on that process, and close.

I.F.W.

P.S. I omitted to mention the pulling off of all "sukers" before they get over two or three inches long.

I.F.W.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 4, c. 7

A report was brought here by the Western or Alleyton train, night before last, to the effect that Mr. John L. Williams has been robbed of some \$52,000 belonging to the State and \$2000 of his own money. Mr. Williams has been acting as Agent for the State in the [illegible] position of State Cotton, and was on his way from Brownsville to Austin. He traveled in company with Major Dickinson and Captain Ransom as far as Beeville, and from Beeville to Goliad he had only one gentleman to accompany him. One report states that at Goliad he employed a guard to go with him to Clinton, but that he discharged the guard when within three or four miles of Clinton, thinking them no longer necessary. All the accounts concur in stating that he was within a mile or two of Clinton when he was attacked by fourteen armed men.

One account states that when these men demanded his money, he shot the one nearest him when he was fired on and wounded in the leg. He was then bound with a rope and made to tell where his money was, which they immediately got and left.

The substance of this report is confirmed by different passengers. Mr. Mann came on the same train, being direct from San Antonio, and he met Mr. Nugent going from Goliad to San Antonio. Mr. Nugent informed him that while in Goliad he saw a letter from Mr. Williams, writing from Clinton, and stating the above facts. Mr. Nugent and Mr. Wm. Mann are both two well known to leave any doubt of the robbery. Other passengers state that they saw some armed men in pursuit of the robbers, who represented the same particulars. Mr. Mann informs us that he heard the same facts from different persons on the road.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 19, 1865, p. 4, c. 6

[From the Army Argus and Crisis, Mobile]  
To the Women of Alabama and Mississippi.

We write under a deep sense of responsibility. The fate of our country is suspended on the events of a few short months. By virtue of prompt, earnest, faithful effort, we may be redeemed from a fate worse than death, and our country may be blessed with peace and free Government. If we sleep, or if we meanly and ignobly refuse to listen to the calls of our struggling, bleeding land, we may plunge into a yawning abyss of degradation, ruin and misery, and fall like the darkened star to rise no more. In this fearful issue, no class of human beings have so much at stake as the women of the South. There are truths—there are threatened evils which we are not permitted to describe, but which all good and well informed ladies can imagine for themselves.

It may be asked, what of all this? And what can the women do for the country? We answer, before God, we believe they can do more than all the men—more than all the armies of the South can do, if these armies are left wholly without your aid. Come, honored daughters of this land, come and let us reason together for one moment. You ask, do we want your jewelry and plate to redeem the currency? No, no! We can pay our debts once we are free, and our commerce is restored. What we want is infinitely more precious than jewelry. What we want is not the redemption of the currency, but the redemption of our homes, our fair fields, our altars and temples!

In different ages of the world heroic and patriotic women have sacrificed at the shrine of their country's safety and honor. The mothers of ancient Israel, of Sparta and of Rome, have left an important record of what true womanhood can do for their own land in the hour of its peril.

Come, then, women of these great Commonwealths, rise to the grandeur and dignity of this time of peril, and leave on the pages of our history a proud and glorious record of the spirit and deeds of Southern women.

Know then, that more than one-third of the whole number of soldiers whose names are on the rolls are not in the army with their brethren, ready to defend you and to beat back the foe; but they are absent without leave, loafing, skulking, or hiding from duty! Know further, that this state of things would be simply impossible, if public opinion at home did not tolerate this shameless desertion of duty. Never would these straggling soldiers remain a single week at home, in the criminal desertion of their flag, if the women of the country would take the matter in hand.

For this purpose it is only necessary for you to exert the power with which Providence has invested you. The way to exert this power is plain. Let the principal and elderly ladies of each community assemble, and give some suitable and becoming form to an earnest appeal to every absent soldier, and to each skulker from duty, to repair at once to the army. Call upon these truant men to go forth to your defence [sic]. And then resole, and make the resolution public, that you will not recognize, or receive into your social circles, any man who is improperly absent from his command, or who evades the proper service of his country.

Let this be done generally, and 40,000 soldiers will be added to our ranks! Let that number increase our forces, and we are redeemed! Your country will be free! The war will end.

Let some one city or town set the example. The let city answer to country, and town to hamlet.

Oh, will you not do this much? It may save your children from manacles, your old men from slaughter, your homes from desolation, your daughters from violence, your country from ruin! Will you not do only this much? If not, "your house may be left to you desolate!" Will Columbus, Miss., or Montgomery, or Selma, or Aberdeen, or Tuscaloosa, or Mobile, or Jackson, or Demopolis, have the spirit to set the example?

No human being can object to this being done. No woman, who is worthy of being called a woman, can reasonably object to prescribing a rule in her social intercourse, dictated by a sense of justice and public virtue. No man, of whatever name, or age, or position, can object to such action on the part of Southern ladies.

Will they—Oh will they only aid their endangered country in this simple mode?

If they do not, history may record that their influence was thus invoked, and *they refused to exert it!*

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 1, c. 2

No Joke.—The reader might suppose the following was a revival of an old joke, but we assure him its publication is perfectly serious:

Confederate States of America, P. O. Department, Richmond, Jan. 31<sup>st</sup>, 1865.—  
Arrangements have been made to secure the carrying of a mail by express, to and fro, across the Mississippi river, once a week, with greater rapidity than heretofore; and notice is hereby given to the public, so as to enable those interested to avail themselves of this means of communication. Letters and sealed packages sent from the east to the west side of the Mississippi should be marked on the margin, "By Express Mail, via Meridian or Brandon, Mississippi." Those coming from the west to the east of the Mississippi, should be marked, "By Express Mail, via Shreveport or Alexandria, Louisiana," and the postage should be prepaid at the rate of 40 cents for the single letter of half an ounce or less. Arrangements have also been made

to secure the transmission of newspapers, pamphlets, etc., each way across the Mississippi, when sent in the usual way through the mail.

John H. Reagan, P. M. Gen.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 1, c. 4

Atlanta.—But few buildings have as yet been erected in Atlanta. There is no material of which to construct residences, except that in the winter quarters of the Yankee troops, and these are being torn down as fast as possible and used for building purposes. The roads leading to the city are filled with people returning to their old homes, and it is thought there will not be accommodations enough for one fourth of the persons going back. There are a good many provision stores in the place. But few dry goods have as yet been offered for sale.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 1, c. 7

Country Girls.—The local editor of the Augusta (Ga.) Register, who has been for some time past, rustivating in the agricultural regions of Georgia, writes about "country girls" as follows: "These country girls, my 'Devil' are a different material from what your bewitched eye meet on Broad street every day. They may not sport as gaudy feathers, and their dresses may not drag through quite as much mud; but for cooking a dinner, climbing a fence, or acting the jockey, your city girls can't touch them. And then, my dear 'Old Nick,' their dresses are something to talk about. Look at one we see here. Did you ever see a more comely poplin than she wears? Now examine it more closely, and you will find it home manufacture—spun and wove by the hands of the fair wearer. Yes, they are the architects of their own dresses, and, my word for it, they are fitted to help any worthy man to become the architect of his fortune."

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 1, c. 7

On Tuesday morning last a Mexican train was robbed, near the Sabinal, by about twenty-five men. They went to the camp about dawn and represented themselves to be Confederate States soldiers, in search of a deserter. After a pretended examination, the teamsters were disarmed and were told that they were under arrest. The train was then robbed of silver, variously estimated at from \$25,000 to \$30,000, belonging to W. A. Bennett, A. S. Kottwitz, D. W. Hearn, and others of this city. The robbers were all well mounted on fine American horses, and the wagon master thought they were all Americans, except one, whom he recognized to be a Mexican.—San Antonio News.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

All we can say of the dispatches we give our readers to-day, is that they are so bad that there is little danger that even the Yankees can send us anything worse. It seems quite difficult to question the truth of all the material facts, and all that is now left for us to do is to prove to the enemy, that a nation of eight millions of freemen are capable of prosecuting a war of self-defense indefinitely for generations to come and are determined to do so, sooner than accept terms that would disgrace a nation of slaves.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

The appeal made by Mrs. Mohl to the ladies of the Confederacy, cannot fail to produce a good effect. We believe the ladies of our country only desire to know in what way they can best serve the great cause of Southern independence, in order to insure their prompt action. We do

not recollect of a single instance in which the ladies have been called upon for aid, where they have not promptly responded. Indeed their patriotism in our present great struggle, is far more disinterested and prompt to act than that of our own sex. They are more governed by feeling and instinct, and their instinct, as a general rule, is far more to be depended on in great and trying emergencies, than the cold and calculating reason of men. It will be seen that Mrs. Mohl endorses her patriotic appeal to others, by her own example, and we cannot doubt the response will commensurate with her most sanguine hopes.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

A private letter, dated West Liberty, the 18<sup>th</sup> instant, gives the information that the house of Mr. B. F. Waring, of that place, was robbed and set on fire last Sunday, while Mr. Waring and his family were at Church, distant not over half a mile. Mr. Waring lost everything he had in the world, except the clothing he and his family had on. The lock of his desk and every other lock was broken, and money, clothing, bedding, &c., all taken. It appears that the fire was extinguished before the house was entirely burned, so that the work of the robbers was plain to be seen, but who the perpetrators of this robbery are, is not known. Other robberies, we learn, have taken place in the vicinity, by jayhawkers and deserters. There seems to be safety nowhere. The entire destitution of Mr. Waring and his family demand prompt relief to prevent serious suffering. The letter states that the articles needed are scarcely to be had in the neighborhood, such as beds and bedding, a cooking stove, with the fixtures, a few knives and forks and plates, and such other articles as are required to prevent suffering. We would suggest to our citizens who have any such articles to spare, that they could hardly perform a more humane act than by offering them to the sufferers. We will take charge of any such articles, and pledge ourselves to see them properly delivered to the suffering family. We make this suggestion without the knowledge of, or any request on the part of the sufferers. The frequent accounts we now have of such outrages being perpetrated in all parts of the country, seem to call for some united action on the part of our citizens for mutual protection.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

The Ball in Motion.—In response to the President's call for aid, in his measure of March 13<sup>th</sup>, the ladies are coming forward with their plate and jewels. We beg to acknowledge among the first fruits gathered: From Mrs. Sessums—1 silver card case, 1 silver cup, 1 silver ladle, 2 gold chains, and 2 cuff pins. From Mrs. Mohl.—1 gold watch and gold chain, 1 jet cross and gold chain, and 1 gold ring. All articles received will be receipted for and turned over to the C. S. Depository here.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 3, c. 1

The following dispatches were received yesterday by the Telegraph. There is no doubt of the fact that both Lincoln and Seward have been assassinated. . . .

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 3, c. 6

Galveston, April 21, 1865.

Ed. News:-- . . . General Hawes left Galveston on Wednesday's train, to provide, as we learn, for the removal of his family to another locality. He leaves many friends, but many of the soldiers and their families rejoice at his departure.—His interference with the civil authorities, and forcible arrest and expulsion of a number of soldiers' wives from the city, last summer, for

clamoring to be allowed to purchase quarter rations of flour from the Commissary, which the General himself was buying by the hundred pounds, at \$35, while the market price was \$200, have left a bitter feeling with some who would otherwise have been his friends.—His unostentatious bearing, regular and domestic habits, and close attention to business, however, entitle him to much credit, at a time when these things have become rare in official circles. . . .

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, April 26, 1865, p. 4, c. 6

Galveston, April 18<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Editor News—I am once more among the flowering gardens of the Island City. To witness the gradual destruction of Galveston fills the mind of an old citizen with sad and gloomy forebodings. Two or three years more of war, and but little of Galveston will remain, save its name and former pleasant memories. I was here in January last, and during the interval, it is astonishing how rapidly houses and fences have melted away before the necessities of the troops. There can be no excuse for such destruction. Had the officers done their duty and kept the troops well supplied with wood, the demolition of houses and fences would have been unnecessary. I have heard it said of Colonel Smith that he is determined to put an end to all marauding on the island, and that the officers shall do their duty. If he does so, the citizens of Galveston, at home and abroad, have great cause to congratulate themselves that Colonel Smith has been placed in command of its defenses. I find that the fortifications have been considerably strengthened since I was here. There are now on the island—well, ever so many troops. Enough for all purposes, as Mr. Yankee may find to his cost, if he attempts to come here. In other respects than the one I have mentioned, there are no changes. I noticed that a free negro, brought in her inadvertently on one of the blockade runners, has been hired out under the law for six months. After the expiration of that time, he will be given half the proceeds of the hire, deducting first all expenses, and be allowed to leave the country. I have also noticed that the negroes captured in different engagements with the enemy, are allowed to roam at will in this place and Houston. They mingle freely with our slaves and poison their minds with Utopian dreams of freedom—thereby rendering them discontented, lazy and impertinent. In fact from the great license allowed negroes in Houston, that place is becoming a nuisance. I have seen squads of negroes saunter along the sidewalks and rudely jostle white passengers, uttering loud and blasphemous language. This has become such a nuisance at one particular spot on the sidewalk of the restaurant near the Old Capitol, that ladies have been compelled to abandon that side of the street. In fact I have heard ladies assert that they were always afraid to walk on the street alone for fear of encountering impertinence from negroes. In Mobile, Savannah, Charleston and other Southern cities a negro would never dare stand on a sidewalk while a white person was passing, but would respectfully step aside and take off his hat. Street municipal regulations required this of them. The result was they were kept in a proper condition of subjection.

The case is very different in Houston, and there can be no doubt from the license afforded them, two-thirds of the robberies committed there are by negroes. If the municipal authorities of Houston cannot or will not keep the negroes in proper subjection, they must resign their positions, and let men take their places who are not afraid to do their duty. Of Galveston I say nothing. The place is a fortified camp and municipal authority is a natural nullity. . . .

M.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, May 3, 1865, p. 1, c. 4

Ed. Texas Republican:--An effective army must be well fed, clothed and paid. This



proposition is so well established, that it needs no argument to demonstrate. The Government has already fed and equipped our armies, and can continue to do so to a final and successful termination of the war. The friends and relatives of the soldiers in the field, have heretofore clad them in the Trans-Mississippi Department. They can and will continue to do so, as our social and political existence depends on a continuation of these efforts. The pay of the army in this Department is then the *sine qua non*, without which its future usefulness and efficiency seems to be greatly impaired. . . W. R. D. Ward.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, May 3, 1865, p. 1, c. 1

Col. H. B. Andrews stepped into our office yesterday, on his return from another trip into the country, where he has been several times in the discharge of the duty devolved upon him of procuring supplies for the poor of Galveston. He informs us that he has found our planters very liberal, knowing, as they do, the utter destitution of the poor of Galveston, and the fact that the war has rendered all the property in the city nearly valueless. Col. A. has procured about 5000 bushels of corn, and a proportional supply of bacon and other country products. He has also obtained quite a liberal supply of fabrics from the Penitentiary.